

IT'S SENSATIONAL!! STEEL STERLING  
IN THE MOST DRAMATIC STORY OF HIS CAREER

NO.

32

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10¢

# ZIP

## COMICS

MLJ  
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MONTANA



# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM

# ZIP PROUDLY PRESENTS

## THE WEB vs THE SPIDER IN "THE CRIMSON COFFINS"

He was funny, this little man with the twisted back and the curious habit of walking as though he were crawling along an invisible web. Funny indeed, until you learned that his mind was as twisted as his back, twisted with malevolent thoughts of evil.

PAGE 3

## STEEL STERLING vs THE TEACHER IN "SCHOOL FOR SABOTEURS"

He ran a very strange school, a school for saboteurs . . . with special lessons in murder! Then one day THE TEACHER decided to put his talent to actual use.

PAGE 16

## BLACK JACK vs FAN TAN IN "DEATH PLAYS FOR KEEPS"

Fan Tan spent ten years in China, teaching his nimble fingers to wield a deck of cards—and a knife. He became so expert at both these sports that he decided he could never lose. So he dealt himself a hand in the grim game of murder.

PAGE 28

## WILBUR

"Congratulate yourself, Wilbur," we said to him, "you can get into more trouble than any other living human today." "Thank you," said Wilbur, reaching to pat himself on the back and breaking his arm in the process.

PAGE 39

## ZOOM O'DAY

Get into the cockpit, and speed into battle alongside of the fightingest Marine in Allied service and his sidekick, Liverliot!

PAGE 46

## ZIP'S HALL OF FAME

This month ZIP COMICS gives you the story of a Russian girl. And more than a story of just one girl. It is the story of Russian courage, the reason the Nazis are sure to lose this war.

PAGE 53

## MEET THE EDITOR

Here's your chance to meet HARRY SHORTEN, the man behind ZIP COMICS, the man who sees that you get better and better features in your favorite magazine with each succeeding issue.

PAGE 60

## ZAMBINI

Once again Zambini goes to work on this country's unthinking saboteurs, those men and women who, by their stupidity and selfishness, are doing much toward weakening our defense programs—the PEOPLE AMERICA CAN DO WITHOUT.

PAGE 61

HARRY SHORTEN, Editor

WILKES

# The WEB



IN THE GOOD BOOK IT IS WRITTEN... "THOSE WHO LIVE BY THE SWORD SHALL PERISH BY IT" -- AND THUS IT CAME TO PASS THAT WHEN FROM UP OUT OF THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA THERE CAME THE BROWN TERROR OF NAZISM TO ENGULF THE PEACEFUL SOUTH SEA ISLE OF ABOONA ... A MESH OF CIRCUMSTANCE WAS SPUN WHICH BROUGHT THE WEB HALF ACROSS THE EARTH TO SEAL THE DOOM OF THOSE WHO FLOUTED THE WORDS OF THE SCRIPTURE ??



FAR IN THE SOUTH SEAS, OVER THE PEACEFUL ISLE OF ABOONA...



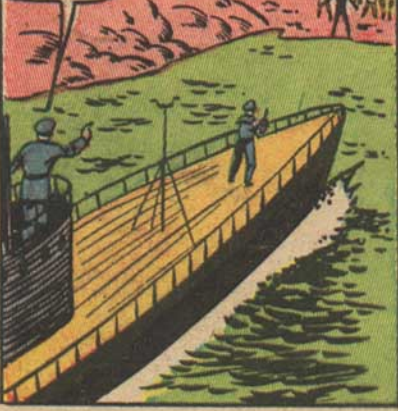
... A WEB OF CRIME IS STEADILY BEING SPUN... A WEB DRAWING ITS STRANDS FROM TWO LANDS AN OCEAN APART... A WEB TO ENSNARE THE UNWITTING WEAVER... HERE IS THE TALE, THE FIRST THREAD... IN THE ISLAND'S MISSION CHURCH; A RELIGIOUS SERVICE LED BY THE MISSIONARY PASTOR, FATHER JOHN...



AND NOW, MY CHILDREN LET US SING A HYMN TO THE GOODNESS OF THE LORD!



AHOY DERE? MAKE FALSE MOVES UND YOU DIE!



FROM NOW ON I AM FUERHERR HERE! ONLY THE LORD IS MAN'S MASTER!



DERE ISS ONLY VUN LORD-- ADOLPH HITLERY!



YOU CANNOT DO THIS TO OUR PASTORY



WE WILL STOP--UGG?

BUT, FATHER, THEY ARE EVIL! THEY KILL!



TO TAKE LIFE IS SINFULLY DO NOT FIGHT THEM BACK!

UND NOW, FATHER, ORDER YOUR PEOPLE TO BRING WATER UND PROVISIONS TO MY SHIP! MOOF!!



...WHEN FATHER JOHN GIVES THE ORDER, THE NATIVES RUSH TO BRING PROVISIONS.



LATER... KAPITAN KLUG INTERRUPTS THE BURIAL SERVICE...

OUR FATHER WHO... PLEASE BE QUIET!

A-MEN...

HEH-HEH! SEE IF YOUR GOD WILL HELP YOU!!



ABOVE THE BLASPHEMOUS LAUGHTER OF THE U-BOAT CAPTAIN, FATHER JOHN LIFTS HIS VOICE IN PRAYER.

OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN... HELP THY SERVANT! SHOW ME HOW I MAY AID MY FLOCK!



WHEN SUDDENLY!



THE CLAP OF THUNDER IS FOLLOWED BY A GUST OF WIND... THE BIBLE PAGES WILDLY FLURRY...

THE WIND? THIS PAGE HAS BEEN TORN...



IT IS AN OMEN!

MOOF ASIDE, FOOL!

HERR KAPITANTY SCHMOKE ON DER HORIZON.



A BOAT? VY IS IT COMING HERE?

IT IS THE MAIL BOAT MAKING ITS REGULAR MONTHLY STOP?



IF YOU SINK THAT BOAT, THE AUTHORITIES WILL INVESTIGATE, I WARN YOU!

YOU ARE RIGHT, YOU SOFT-SPOKEN FOOL! BUT VUN FALSE MOOF, UND VE'LL VIPE OUT EFFERY PERSON ON DIS ISLAND!



REMEMBER! IF HE TELLS DER CAPTAIN OF DER MAIL BOAT VE ARE HERE... SHOOT HIM... UND DER CAPTAIN!

JA, JA, HERR KAPITAN.



AHOY THERE, FATHER JOHN?

AHOY, CAPTAIN JIMINI!



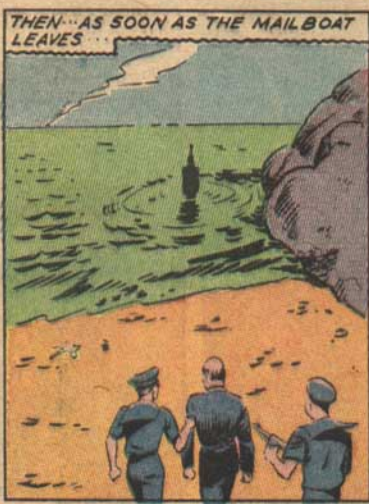
IS SOMETHING WRONG, FATHER? YOUR HAND'S SHAKING LIKE A LEAF?

ER. NOTHING HERE. TAKE THIS BIBLE CAPTAIN!



BIBLE? MAIL IT TO YOUR DAUGHTER-- WH-- WHAT--VERY WELL, FATHER! I'LL MAIL IT AT ONCE!

PLEASE DON'T QUESTION ME. JUST DO AS I SAY!



THEN...AS SOON AS THE MAILBOAT LEAVES...



VOT VAS IT DER PRIEST GAFFE TO DOT MAIL STEAMER, CAPTAIN?

ONLY A BIBLE, HERR LIEUTENANT!



BIBLE? BIBLE?! FOOLS? DUMM-KOPFS! HOW DO YOU KNOW HE DIDN'T SEND A MESSAGE IN IT?

STOP, CAPTAIN. YOU CAN'T KILL YOUR OWN MEN!



VUN SIDE, YOU MEALY-MOULDED PREACHER, I TEACH DEM DISCIPLINE!

BANG BANG



I MUST GET DER BIBLE BACK! I VILL SEND VORD TO BERLIN! DER GESTAPO VILL RECOVER IT!

H-HEIL H-HIT.. OH...

PEACE TO YOU MY SON!

AND NOW, ANOTHER STRAND OF THE WEB...



...MANY THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY IN THE UNITED STATES AT THE SEQUESTERED UNIVERSITY WHERE PROF. RAYMOND, EMINENT CRIMINOLOGIST, IS CONDUCTING THE FINAL EXAMINATIONS FOR HIS CLASS...



TIME'S UP, STUDENTS... THE TEST IS OVER!



HAND IN YOUR TEST PAPERS AS YOU FILE PAST, PLEASE! THAT IS ALL!

OH, PROFESSOR RAYMOND!

YES - WHAT IS IT, ROSE?



THIS BIBLE FROM MY FATHER! WHY WOULD HE SEND ME HIS BIBLE AND NOTHING ELSE, UNLESS...

EASY, ROSE, DON'T BECOME HYSTERICAL LET ME SEE... MMM!



YOU SEE I'VE NOT HEARD FROM FATHER IN YEARS SINCE HE LEFT TO BECOME A MISSIONARY! WHY SHOULD HE SEND ME A BIBLE.

HIS MOST PRECIOUS POSSESSION! IT JUST DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!

HMMM... IT DOES SEEM VERY PECULIAR!

OKAY, BOYS - THAT'S HER ... WHO'S THE GUY?

WHAT'S THE DIFF? WE'LL TAKE HIM TOO!

WITHOUT WARNING..!





JUST AS ONE OF THE GANG SHOOTS AT RAYMOND THE LEADER SHOUTS AND KNOCKS THE GUN ASIDE...

STOP! STOP, YOU FOOL!

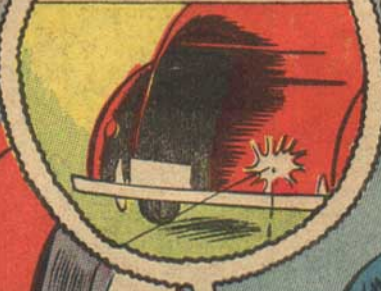
JOHN!  
JOHN... HELP ME!

I'LL KILL THE...



MY HEAD..!

...THE BULLET GOES ASTRAY TO PING INTO THE CAR'S GAS TANK!



HURRY. LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE! DOT SHOT YOU FIRED VILL PROBABLY BRING DER POLICE ANY SECOND!



OH... THEY'VE GOTTEN AWAY!



GAS... A TRAIL OVER THE PAVEMENT! I'LL FOLLOW THEM TO HADES! IF NECESSARY!

A WEIRD CHANGE... THE MAN OF SCIENCE IS SWIFTLY TRANSFORMED INTO THE MIGHTY NEMESIS OF EVIL... THE WEB!!



MEANWHILE... AT THE GANG'S HEADQUARTERS

SCHPEAK UP! VERE IBS DER BIBLEYOT VAS WRITTEN IN IDT? SCHPEAK!

N..! NO..! SMACK!

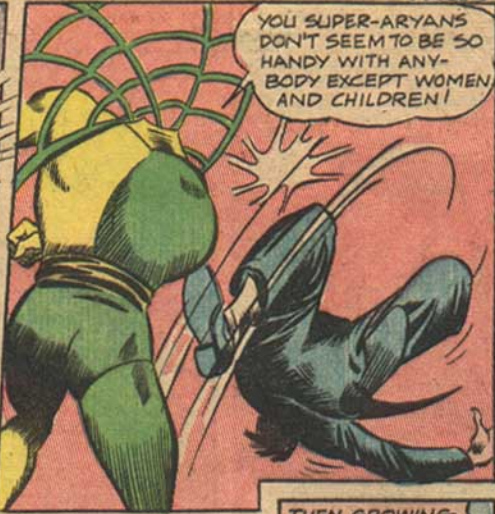
BUT SUDDENLY!... FROM OUT OF NOWHERE A STRANGE SHADOWY DESIGN MATERIALIZES, SPINNING TERROR INTO COWARDLY HEARTS... IT IS THE MARK OF...



...THE WEB



-AND NOW, MY SLIMY HEARTIES... YOU DEAL WITH DEATH... YOURS!!



YOU SUPER-ARYANS DON'T SEEM TO BE SO HANDY WITH ANYBODY EXCEPT WOMEN AND CHILDREN!



THERE'S A LOT TO THIS I DON'T GET! I'M GOING TO STUDY THAT BIBLE! NOW YOU'D BETTER CALL THE POLICE!

ALL RIGHT!



HERE! TAKE ONE OF THESE GUNS! IF THEY MAKE A MOVE....

DON'T WORRY, WEB! I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF!



THEN GROWING LOUDER COMES THE SHRILL OF A POLICE SIREN

WHE-E-E-E-E

SEE YOU LATER!

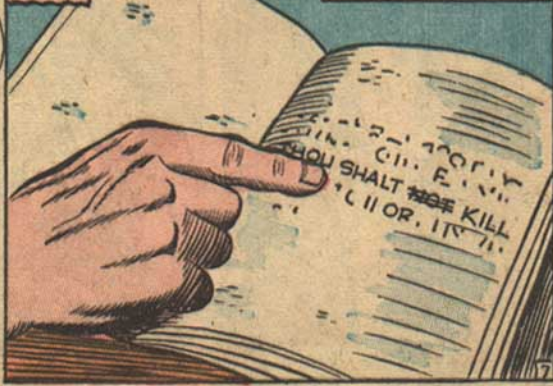
...BACK AT HIS HOME, PROF. RAYMOND STUDIES THE BIBLE STRIVING TO SOLVE ITS MYSTERIES...



AND I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHY!

NOW I AM CONVINCED ROSE'S FEARS ARE JUSTIFIED. THOSE MEN WANTED THIS BIBLE BADLY...

HOUR AFTER HOUR...RAYMOND PORES OVER THE BIBLE AND THEN AN IDEA BEGINS TO TAKE SHAPE...HE BENDS OVER THE SACRED BOOK AND...



...THOU SHALT NOT KILL

...THEN IT ALL BECOMES CLEAR!

THE MISSIONARY WAS TRYING TO SEND OUT A MESSAGE... A CALL FOR HELP! THINK I'LL PAY THE ISLE OF AGOONA A CALL...



... DAYS LATER... TO THE LEE OF AGOONA... A WEIRD YET FAMILIAR FIGURE TAKES GRIM LEAVE OF A SMALL BOAT SKIPPER...

..INTO A DINGHY, THE WEB GOES...

'BYE, WEB!



AU VOIR CAPTAIN! WISH ME LUCK!



...FROM THERE, TO DIVE INTO SHARK-STUDDED WATERS... AND THEN TO STEALTHILY SWIM ASHORE!



...ON SHORE... SILENT AS DEATH ITSELF, AS A NAZI STANDS GUARD...

A NAZI EH? NOW IT STARTS TO MAKE SENSE!



THEN!!

HIMMEL!



AND NOW, MY HEILING-BEAUTY... WE'LL HAVE SOME FUN, WEB STYLE!



ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND AS CAPTAIN KLLIG DRUNKENLY SWILLS NATIVE LIQUOR...

LIEBER GOTT!



THESE ROCKS WILL MAKE NOISE... ATTRACT HIS ATTENTION... AND THEN...



QUICKLY SUBERING THE FIENDISH LI-BOAT COMMANDER, WHIRLS IN ALL DIRECTIONS...

...THEN LEADS HIS NAZI CREW IN A WILD CHARGE INTO THE JUNGLE!



MEANWHILE--FATHER JOHN IS ASTOUNDED AS--



W-WHO--- WHAT---?

I'LL EXPLAIN LATER FATHER / NOW TELL ME WHAT GOES ON HERE-- HURRY!

A SHORT TIME AGO THEY CAME--- FROM A SUB! THEY'VE KILLED AND LOOTED--- FORCED ME TO GIVE IN TO ALL THEIR DEMANDS FOR PROVISIONS--- THEY'RE USING AGOONA AS A SECRET U-BOAT BASE!

HMMM... GO ON!



THERE ARE TOO MANY FOR ME TO FIGHT ALONE, FATHER/ TELL YOUR PEOPLE TO HELP ME WIPE THE RATS OUT/ YOU MUST!!

MY NATIVES-- KILL? NO/ NO/ TO KILL IS TO SIN/ I WILL NOT LEAD THEM TO SIN/ NEVER!



BUT IF WE DON'T RID AGOONA OF THESE NAZI VERMIN, THEY'LL GO ON SINKING OUR SHIPS DESTROYING LIVES.. THINK FATHER THINK!!

B--BUT ALL THESE YEARS I'VE TAUGHT MY PEOPLE NOT TO KILL--- OH. THIS IS TERRIBLE/ TERRIBLE!!

FATHER JOHN SUMMONS HIS NATIVES



LISTEN, MY PEOPLE--- I HAVE TAUGHT YOU NOT TO KILL-- BUT NOW I MUST ASK YOU TO FORGET MY TEACHINGS/ I PRAY GOD I DO RIGHT/ NOW GET YOUR WEAPONS/ FOLLOW US!!

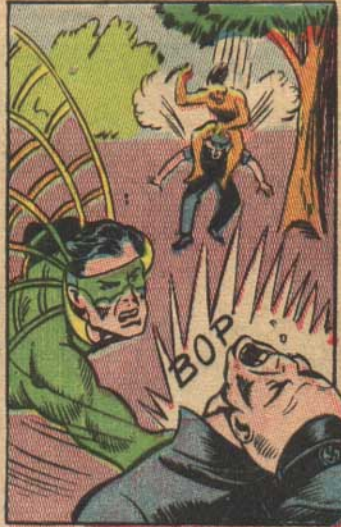
--MINUTES LATER, THE NAZIS VAINLY SCOURING THE JUNGLE, ARE STARTLED-- THEN TERRIFIED AS OUT OF THE UNDERBRUSH, THE WEB LEADS THE NATIVES IN A CHARGE!!



DEATH TO THE INVADERS!



NOW FOR YOU!  
FORGIVE ME, OH LORD--IT MUST BE DONE!  
SO-- YOU THINK YOU SCHTOP US, EH--!



BOP



TELL OUR PEOPLE THEY MUST NOT RETREAT! DESTROY THE NAZIS! GO!  
BANG  
YES FATHER!



BUT KLUG IS NOT SO EASILY BEATEN! DESPERATELY HE LASHES OUT HIS HEAVY SEA BOOT-- HEH, HEH! DOT FIXES YOU!  
MACH SCHNELL STUPID BEFORE HE AWAKES, BACK JA, TO DER SUB, VE, COME!



LED BY THEIR CAPTAIN, THE NAZIS FLEE TO THEIR SUB-- AS KLUG BARKS ORDERS THEY PREPARE TO SUBMERGE.



-WHILE ASHORE, AS HE RECOVERS THE WEB, SEEING THE SUB CRASH DIVE, RECKLESSLY LEAPS TO PREVENT ITS ESCAPE



FIRE DER DECK GUN! BLOW HIM TO BITS!  
GETTING TOO CLOSE! THINK I'LL GO UNDER WATER!



TO DER RIGHT MORE FOOL! SCHTOP HIM!  
BOOM



JA, JA / HERR KAPITAN!

SHOOD! / SCHTOP HIM BEFORE HE REACHES US OR VE ARE SUNKY



CRASH

---THEIR ATTENTION DISTRACTED BY THE WEB'S SUICIDAL APPROACH, THE NAZIS FAIL TO SEE THE MAILBOAT COMING UNTIL IT IS TOO LATE-- THERE IS A RENDING TEARING CRASH AS THE MAILBOAT'S PROW SPLITS THE SUB'S DECKPLATES---



---AND THEN, OVERSIDE ON THE SINKING SUB, COMES THE WEB!

YOU AGAIN / DIS TIME I KILL / KILL!!

THIS TIME, MY FRIEND, YOUR NUMBER IS UP!



IT IS ALL OVER IN A SECOND-- THE NAZI CAPTAIN IS NO MATCH FOR THE WEB--HE COLLAPSES!

THOUGHT HE'D BE MORE TROUBLE THAN THIS, NOW TO GET ASHORE!

YES FATHER!

I AM SURE WE HAVE DONE RIGHT, WEB, IT IS TRULY WRITTEN-- THOSE WHO LIVE BY THE SWORD SHALL PERISH BY IT--

AHOY FATHER JOHN-- IT'S ME, THE MAILBOAT SKIPPER!



YOUR BIBLE-- FATHER JOHN!

THANK YOU!

AND SO ENDS THE SKEIN OF THE WEB, SPUN IN HATE AND MURDER. AND WHOSE THREADS ENMESHED THE SPINNER!

SING TO THE ETERNAL GLORY AND JUSTICE OF THE LORD MY CHILDREN!

THE END

# SUICIDE . . . OR MURDER?

A WEB STORY  
by SCOTT FELDMAN

THESE were similarities.

One—Martin Miller, aged 55, a successful business man, who built up a huge chain of ten-cent stores. A very nervous man, Mr. Martin Miller—as nervous as he was keen; as irritable as he was intelligent.

Two—Jonathan Cook, probably the most sensitive and intellectual playboy on earth. Son of society. Age, 32. Very nervous.

Three—Eric Wilson, 25 . . . a student, a bespectacled seeker of knowledge. Very nervous.

Three different men, and similarities. Each of these men had been rich; each of these men had been nervous; and all of these men—were dead.

On Monday, Martin Miller leaped out of the window of his ultra-ultra business office and was crushed to death on the pavement eighty stories below. On Tuesday Jonathan Cook spoiled the fun of all his society friends by not showing up for a swank party. He didn't show up because he had leaped off the roof of his penthouse apartment the previous night. And on Wednesday, Eric Wilson followed suit by throwing himself out the window of his apartment on the tenth floor of the quiet Hotel Winslow, located just two blocks from the university.

John Raymond came into the case because Eric Wilson had studied under him in a Psychology class.

Raymond obtained permission from the police and visited Wilson's apartment at the Hotel Winslow. Nothing had been touched, and the room was really a most unusual sight.

The furniture was expensive

and sturdy. Tasteful pictures lined the walls. The curtains were perfectly fitted to the color scheme of the entire suite. It was a beautiful apartment—or rather, it *had been* a beautiful apartment.

For someone had taken a paint brush and slashed heavy red lines around the place. Red flamed from the walls, from the tasteful pictures, and from the curtains.

John Raymond didn't understand the red paint, then. He questioned the hotel manager and learned that as far as was known the paint had been smeared around the apartment during the night of Eric Wilson's death. It hadn't been there when the woman had cleaned up that same evening.

John Raymond went next to Jonathan Cook's home. The apartment was untouched. Raymond walked over to the wall, and flicked the lamp switch.

No light went on.

Raymond flicked the switch up and back several times, but still no light appeared. He summoned a servant, who told him that the bulb had been perfectly good when tried the evening before Jonathan Cook's death.

"I'll put in in a new bulb for you, sir," said the servant.

While Raymond waited, the servant secured a new bulb, and a step ladder, and went to work. He screwed out the old bulb—and gasped.

"What's *this*?" he said.

Someone had coated the bulb over with black paint.

John Raymond still didn't get it, but he was beginning to understand things just a little better.

He went to Martin Miller's business office.

Martin Miller had had the habit of remaining to work long after his staff had gone home. It had been on an evening such as this that he had leaped out of his window.

Martin Miller's private office, too, had been left untouched, and once again there was paint. This time it was phosphorescent paint, and it was daubed in jagged, lightning-like lines over the dark-green walls opposite the window.

The newspapers *had* mentioned the paint in Wilson's and Miller's apartments, but they'd sketched over it so casually that Raymond hadn't realized its importance. He realized it now.

Some weeks before his death, Eric Wilson had come to John Raymond for advice.

"My nerves are shot, and I want to visit a psychiatrist," Wilson had said abruptly. "Can you recommend one to me, Professor Raymond?"

Raymond had been amused.

"Come now," he'd said, "your nerves aren't *that* bad!"

"They are, Professor," Wilson had said, quietly. "Can you recommend a psychiatrist to me?"

And still Raymond hadn't taken him seriously. "Well," he had said, with a smile, "news papers always mention this fellow Vincent Bastell as being one of the best. Why don't you try him?"

"I will," Wilson had said, and gone out of the room.

And now Raymond realized that he should have taken Wilson seriously. In lightly recom-

mending Bastell, he was partly responsible for young Wilson's death.

Raymond had one more place to visit—Vincent Bastell's psychiatric office. But this time he was going as The Web!

He was lucky. He arrived at Bastell's office when the psychiatrist was alone.

He burst through the locked door, slammed it right open at the hinges.

Bastell had obviously been working late. Papers covered his desk. He leaped to his feet, and said. "What's going on here?"

"There was a possibility that you might refuse to see me," The Web said, "and I didn't want to waste any time arguing."

Bastell had a bulldog face, and he thrust his pugnacious chin upwards. "I recognize you, Web," he said. "What do you want here? I haven't committed any crimes. I'm a perfectly respectable——"

"Have you read about the Martin Miller, Eric Wilson and Jonathan Cook suicides?" The Web cut in.

"I have."

"Very well," said The Web. "Then tell me something. Isn't it true that all three of these men were your patients?"

"So what?" Bastell said, flatly. "As a matter of fact, they all were, at one time or another. It's just a simple coincidence, that's all."

"Coincidence?" The Web smiled. "I don't think so. They weren't suicides, Bastell—they were murders."

"Murders!" Bastell's face had gone white.

"Murders, Bastell," The Web said again. "Murders that you committed."

Bastell dropped into his chair. "You're crazy," he said, thickly.

The Web smiled, his eyes

frosty, humorless. "Let me see if I've got it straight," he said. "Your patients have to tell you hidden and personal facts—because a psychiatrist has to know everything about a patient and his family and friends before he can effect a cure. You've been using these facts for blackmail purposes. Right so far?"

Bastell said nothing.

"These nervous men and women who come to you must certainly reveal some useful facts," said The Web. "But occasionally, some of these patients get out of line . . . and then you have to take care of them."

With a quick movement, The Web darted over to Bastell's record cabinet and began to thumb through the drawer marked, *Patients*. Bastell rushed at him, but The Web shoved him back into his seat.

The Web selected three cards. The cards were marked simply:

Eric Wilson—father murderer.

Martin Miller—framed partner; got exclusive rights to business.

Jonathan Cook—forged father's will to make him exclusive heir.

"So that's what you had on 'em, eh?" The Web commented. "Eric's father was a murderer—I take it Eric paid plenty to see that the fact didn't become known to his friends. Miller framed his partner; and Cook forged his father's will. Very amusing."

Bastell watched him now, his eyes blazing.

"These three patients acted up at once—and you had to kill all of them," said The Web. "Your murder methods were quite clever. You worked on their phobias—the fears which brought them to you in the first

place. Everyone of us has some little phobia, some little things we're afraid of, like the dark, for example—but the fears of these phobia victims are exaggerated . . . made so horrible in their own minds that it haunts them day and night. Eric apparently suffered from *hematophobia*—which is, as you know pretty well, fear of blood. You entered his apartment as he slept . . . and got him into a hypnotic trance. Then, while he was still in this trance, you made him open his eyes and look at the blood-red paint on the wall, which you'd just put there. He was so horrified and filled with his phobia that his only desire was to get away from there . . . and he took the easiest way: the window."

Bastell's eyes had become watchful now, dangerous.

"You worked the same trick with the other two," continued The Web. "With Jonathan Cook, it was *nyctophobia*, horrible fear of darkness. You got him into a trance, and made him go and flick the light switch. He knew the light was good because he'd used it before going to sleep, and when he flicked the light and nothing happened because you'd painted it black since then, his hypnotized mind thought he'd gone blind. He raced around and around and, while still under your control, he went right off the penthouse roof. And Miller, finally, had *astropophobia*, fear of lightning. By painting lightning-like objects on the wall opposite the window with luminous paint, and dulling his mind with your hypnosis, you made him run directly away from his fear . . . right through the window . . ."

Bastell leaped, with the desperation of a doomed man . . . but The Web was ready for him. His fist smashed twice against Bastell's face, and the psychiatrist went down.

The Web's work was over. He lifted the phone and called the police.



# STEEL STERLING

DOWN THRU THE AGES THE LEG-  
 END OF WEREWOLVES  
 HAS HAD ITS STRONGEST,  
 HOLD IN FRANCE, AND NOW,  
 A NATION TORN AND BLEED-  
 ING, PROSTRATE UNDER THE  
 CRUSHING HEEL OF THE NAZI  
 HORDE, FRANCE  
 FINDS ITSELF SUBJECT-  
 ED TO STILL ANOTHER HORROR  
 MORE HORRIBLE THAN THE  
 WORST DEATH CONCEIVED  
 IN THE BESTIAL BRAIN OF  
 THE CONQUEROR IS  
 "THE WEREWOLF  
 OF FRANCE"



OCCUPIED FRANCE...IN A SOUTHERN PROVINCE, THE PLAIN-  
TIVE WAIL OF A HOUND  
ECHOES THROUGH  
THE MOONLIT  
NIGHT...

IN THE VILLAGE BELOW...

BRUNO! BARKING AT  
THE MOON! THE SIGN  
OF THE WEREWOLF!

RUN  
FOR YOUR  
LIVES!

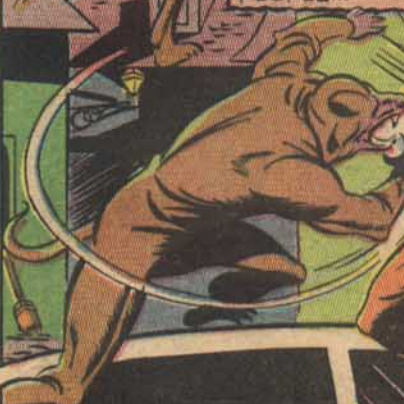
IN ALL HIS WEIRD FURY  
THE WEREWOLF  
APPEARS, HALF MAN, HALF  
WOLF, SINISTER, FRIGHTEN-  
ING...



TALONED CLAWS  
LASH AT THE  
HORRIFIED TOWNS  
PEOPLE...

A GENDARME  
APPEARS...

SACRE  
BLEU! THE  
WEREWOLF FROM  
THE HILLS!



LATER IN THE  
UNDERGROUND  
HEADQUARTERS OF PIERRE,  
AN AGENT OF FIGHTING  
FRANCE..

ZE BULLETS  
HAVE NO EFFECT...  
HE IS A DEMON!

HA! HA!

WHILE IN AMERICA,  
SAT U.S. MILITARY INTELLIGENCE  
THE WEREWOLF STRIKES  
AGAIN AND AGAIN. BUT ONLY  
SAT FRENCHMEN IN UNOCCUPIED  
FRANCE. NO GERMANS! WE  
NEED YOUR HELP,  
MONSIEUR!

ZIS IS  
FIGHTING FRANCE  
STATION ZERO  
CALLING AMERICA...  
ARE YOU?  
THERE -  
AMERICA?



STILL LATER STEEL STERLING IS CALLED IN BY MILITARY INTELLIGENCE...

YOU KNOW MOST OF THE STORY... CAN YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS WERE WOLF?

I'LL START AT ONCE FOR FRANCE!

OUTSIDE...

GEE WALLPAPER, STEEL... YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO FRANCE?

YES, CLANCY I HAVE AN IMPORTANT JOB ON HAND!

BOY! I'D SURE LIKE TO GO WITH YOU!

YEAH! WHAT DO YOU SAY, STEEL... KIN WE COME ALONG?

I CERTAINLY COULD USE YOU IF YOU COULD SPEAK FRENCH!

PARLEY VOO FRANCAIS! GEE, I'M A LINGUIST!

SO CLANCY TAKES FRENCH TO HIS HEART AND TO HIS HEAD...

FRENCH IN TEN EASY LESSONS

MASTER THE FRENCH WAY. BE A MASTER OF THE REAL ROMANCE LANGUAGE

Devon CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN FRENCH

PETIT ET LA PARIS -- PARLEZ VOUS FRANCAISE

WHEW! YOU BETTER GIVE UP!

WOW! I'M EXHAUSTED - I'M GONNA HIT THE HAY!

NEXT MORNING...

LOONEY! WAKE UP! WE GOTTA FINISH OUR FRENCH LESSONS!

zzzzzzz CHERCHEZ LA FEMME! SNORE!

BUT INSTEAD OF FRENCH STEEL STERLING'S VOICE BOOMS FROM THE PHONOGRAPH...

HELLO, YOU LINGUIST! I'M SORRY I COULDN'T WAIT! I'LL TAKE YOU ON MY NEXT TRIP. AW, THAT WAS A DIRTY TRICK, JUST WHEN I WAS LEARNING WHAT L'AMOUR MEANS!

TWO THOUSAND MILES AWAY, A PLANE NEARS THE COAST OF FRANCE...

BETTER GET THE RUBBER BOAT READY! WE'RE NEARING SHORE, STEEL!

RIGHTO AND THANKS!

BETTER HIDE THIS BOAT IN THE RUSHES!

THIS IS THE REGION WHERE THE WEREWOLF IS MOST OFTEN SEEN... I'LL JUST HIDE THE BOAT AND...

SUDDENLY - A PIERCING SCREAM OF HORROR AND STEEL LOOKS UP TO SEE...

THE WEREWOLF!!

HELP! MON DIEU! HELP!



THEN THE ZIPPING FIGURE OF THE MAN OF STEEL AS HE CHARGES TO THE RESCUE.

THE WEREWOLF LEAPS...

AGHHH!



YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH KILLING. YOU UGLY SON OF SATAN!

UGH! HE'S AS STRONG AS THE DEVIL HIMSELF!



AND WHILE STERLING CLEARS THE COB-WEBS FROM HIS REELING BRAIN, THE WEREWOLF RUNS OFF WITH ITS UNCONSCIOUS VICTIM...

WHEW!

YOU DON'T GIVE ME THE SLIP THAT EASILY, TALL DARK AND UGLY!

SUDDENLY... STEEL'S FOOT ENGAGES A CONCEALED WIRE...

AND A LANDMINE EXPLODES UNDER-FOOT WITH A TERRIFIC DETONATION...

BOOM

HE'S GONE! I'D BETTER CONTACT PIERRE, THE FIGHTING FRANCE AGENT... HE SHOULD KNOW MORE ABOUT THIS!

WOY! THAT GOON LED ME RIGHT INTO THAT ONE! WHOOEY!



IN THE VILLAGE...

WHERE CAN I FIND PIERRE PASCAL?

SACRE! ONLY LE BON DIEU KNOWS! HAVE YOU NOT HEARD? HE WAS SEIZED BY THE WEREWOLF. HIS HOUSE IS THE LAST ONE ON THIS BLOCK!

SO THE WEREWOLF GOT PIERRE. EH? CURIOUS HOW THAT CREATURE ONLY GOES AFTER GERMANY'S ENEMIES... I'LL HAVE A LOOK AROUND PIERRE'S PLACE!

THE WEREWOLF HAS STRUCK AGAIN!

A RADIO! CLEVER OF PIERRE TO CONCEAL IT IN THIS WINE CASK! SAY THIS THING IS ON!

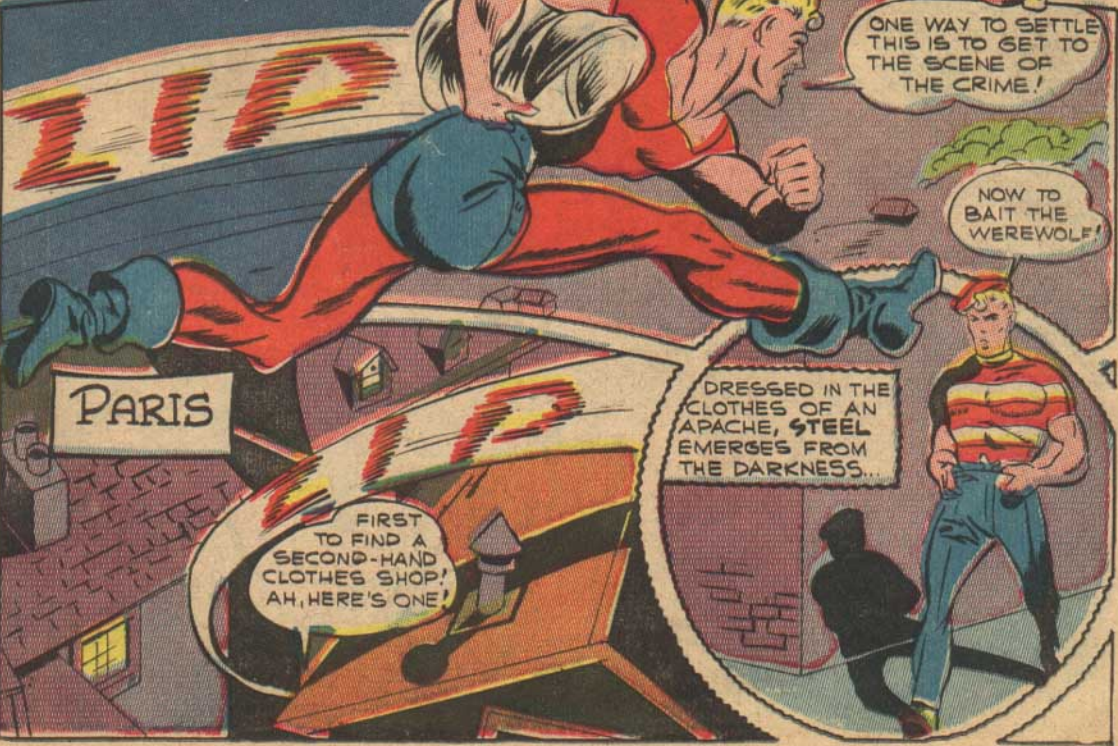
A REPORT REACHES US IN PARIS THAT THE WEREWOLF WAS JUST SEEN STALKING THE ROOFTOPS!

PARIS... THAT'S TWO HUNDRED MILES AWAY FROM HERE! HOW MANY OF THEM ARE THERE?

AIEEEE

HAA HAA

MADEIRA WINE



PARIS

ONE WAY TO SETTLE THIS IS TO GET TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME!

NOW TO WAIT THE WEREWOLF!

DRESSED IN THE CLOTHES OF AN APACHE, STEEL EMERGES FROM THE DARKNESS...

FIRST TO FIND A SECOND-HAND CLOTHES SHOP! AH, HERE'S ONE!

LATER IN THE DARK RECESS OF A PARISIAN CAFE...

OUI, ME, JACQUES, I COULD STRANGLE ZE WEREWOLF WIZ MY BARE HANDS!

YOU ARE BOASTFUL MON THERE!

HAVE YOU ACTUALLY ENCOUNTERED ZE WEREWOLF?



ME, JACQUES, BUT YES... I WEEESH HE WAIRE HERE NOW!

HMM... ZEN ACCOMPANY ME HOME! I AM APPRAID TO WALK ZE STREETS AT NIGHT!

WIZ PLEASURE!



EVEN AS THEY STROLL THROUGH CROOKED ALLEYS WEL, I CERTAINLY TALKED LONG AND LOUD ENOUGH. IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, I SHOULD BEON THE RECEIVING END OF A VISIT FROM IT SOON!



WHAT IN... THE WEREWOLF!

EEEE! M'SIEUR! HELP!



I'LL BE A MONKEY'S UNCLE! WHY DID THAT CREATURE TAKE THE GIRL AND LEAVE ME ALONE? THAT'S SOMETHING I DIDN'T FIGURE ON!

GONE... HE MUST'VE DUCKED DOWN THAT OPEN SEWER!

WOW... I WOULD LOSE THEM IN THE SEWERS OF PARIS! NOW I REALLY HAVE A JOB ON MY HANDS!

WHILE FURTHER ALONG, THE WEREWOLF EXPERTLY TREADS HIS WAY THROUGH THE MAZE OF CHANNELS...

A PIECE OF THE GIRL'S DRESS CATCHES ON A JAGGED PIPE...

HE MUST'VE TROTTED DOWN HERE... HMM... WHAT'S THAT ON THE PIPE?

A PART OF HER DRESS, I'M NOT FAR BEHIND!

HERE SHE IS, HERR DOKTOR! A PERFECT SPECIMEN!

GOOD! I SHALL OPERATE AT ONCE!

WELL, OUR LITTLE BRITISH SPY IS AWAKE. HOW NICE! SO YOU CAME HERE TO TRAP THE WERE-WOLF, DID YOU?





SUDDENLY

ALL RIGHT, BOYS!  
YOUR FUN'S OVER!

WHA ?

SO YOU'D BETTER  
JUST DROP THE  
HACK-SAW...

AND LIE DOWN  
ON THE FLOOR  
WITH IT!

SPLAT

THE VICIOUS WOLFMAN  
RUSHES INTO  
THE FRAY.

I'LL KILL YOU!  
I'LL CUT YOUR  
FACE TO  
RIBBONS!

MAYBE NOT,  
DOGFACE!

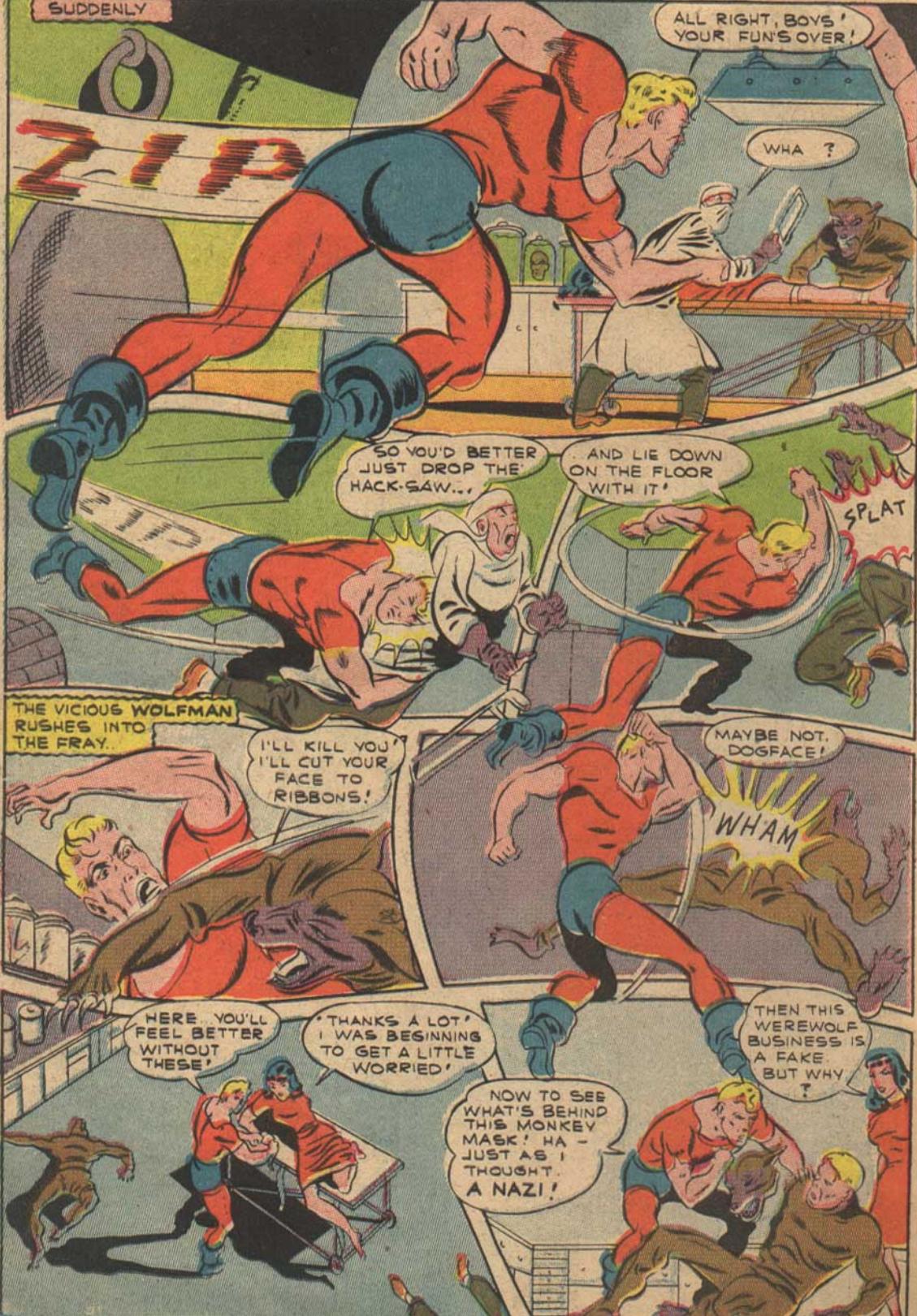
WHAM

HERE YOU'LL  
FEEL BETTER  
WITHOUT  
THESE!

'THANKS A LOT'  
I WAS BEGINNING  
TO GET A LITTLE  
WORRIED!

THEN THIS  
WEREWOLF  
BUSINESS IS  
A FAKE  
BUT WHY  
?

NOW TO SEE  
WHAT'S BEHIND  
THIS MONKEY  
MASK! HA -  
JUST AS I  
THOUGHT.  
A NAZI!



YES, WHY? SPEAK UP OR I'LL YANK YOUR HEAD OFF AND PUT IT IN ONE OF THOSE JARS!

J.P... STOP! I'LL TALK!

THE CHERMAN ARMY NEEDED FLESH... LIVING FLESH UND BONES... DER VEREVOLF VAS A GOOD VAY TO GET IT FROM DER FRENCH VICTIMS!



BUT WHY... WHAT FOR?  
TO USE IN SURGERY ON CHERMAN SOLDIERS WHO WERE WOUNDED AND NEEDED SKIN AND BONES TO BE GRAFTED ON...

VE COULDN'T OPENLY SEIZE DER FRENCH... DER REPERCUSSIONS FROM DIS CRUELTY WOULD HAVE DEFEATED OUR PURPOSE, SO VE DEVISED DER VEREVOLVES!

BUT THESE NAZIS SHOULD BE TAUGHT A LESSON... WE'LL BRING THEM TO THE FRENCH UNDERGROUND HEAD-QUARTERS!

SO...MY WORK IS DONE, I'D BEEN SENT BY THE BRITISH INTELLIGENCE TO FIND OUT ABOUT THE WEREWOLVES!

YES, IT'S ALL OVER!



AND AT THE FREE FRENCH HEADQUARTERS...

YOU WILL BE PAID BACK FOR ALL THE PAIN AND MISERY YOU'VE BROUGHT UPON THE FRENCH PEOPLE... WE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU... VERY EFFICIENTLY!

SOME TIME LATER BACK IN AMERICA...

POLLY VOO FRAWNSAY! LE MAY ZONE THE HOUSE... LE...

STILL PLUGGING, EH BOYS? WELL, THAT'S ONE THING YOU'VE GOT IN COMMON WITH THE WEREWOLF... YOU BOTH MURDER THE FRENCH!

HEY, LOOK STEEL'S BACK!



CES' LA GUERRE, ET LES TROIS MAGNIFIQUE HOMMES... OOR... SORRY... WE FORGOT OURSELVES FOR A MINUTE. WHAT WE'RE TRYING TO SAY IS THAT STEEL STERLING AND HIS TWO SUPER-STOOGES, CLANCY AND LOONEY, TANGLE WITH THE AXIS POWERS AGAIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF ZIP COMICS. DON'T FORGET TO GET YOUR COPY!

# WORLD WONDERS

**T**HE FIRST SUBMARINE ATTACK ON THE BRITISH FLEET WAS MADE BY A CORPS OF AMERICAN ENGINEERS IN 1776... THE FIRST SUBMARINE, DESIGNED BY DAVID BUSHNELL, BLASTED THE BRITISH FLAGSHIP LYING AT ANCHOR IN NEW YORK HARBOR!



## A BED OF ROSES

**A**MONG THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS THE PEOPLE OF HIGH RANK ACTUALLY SLEPT ON MATTRESSES FILLED WITH ROSE PETALS!



**M**OST DESERT SNAKES ARE SO AFFECTED BY HEAT THAT THEY WILL VENTURE INTO THE OPEN **ONLY** AT NIGHT!



**T**HE GREAT NAPOLEON, CONQUEROR OF EUROPE... WAS DEATHLY AFRAID OF CATS!

# THE STARS SHINE DOWN—ON CRIME!

## A STEEL STERLING STORY

IT WAS night. The stars gleamed out of the depths of blackness. Alec Ben Lunar, better known as Looney, was doing a little star-gazing on his roof through a large telescope.

"Boy, you can see miles with this, Steel. You wanna look?"

Steel Sterling said nothing. He was lost in thought, looking skyward, thinking: "That moon that shines so peacefully over here, is lighting the way for bombers all over Europe. I wish more people would think of that when they——"

"Come on, Steel, you're missing something!" Steel rose to his feet, and glanced through the finder.

"Say, where've you been pointing this? Is that the moon I'm supposed to be looking at? It looks a lot more like Tom Johnston's back yard on Elm Avenue!"

Looney glanced at the indicator. "Gee, I'm sorry, Steel," he murmured, "I must have knocked against it, or somethin'. Here, lemme fix it so's you can see——"

"Wait a second," interrupted Steel. "Looks like a couple of prowlers are nosing around the Johnston's place! Let's get over there right away!"

"Sure, I'm right behind you, I—b-but it's two and a half miles away! My feet aren't what they——"

Not waiting for Looney's hesitant reply, Steel grabbed hold of him, and with the latter's thin frame firmly tucked under his arm . . . Steel Sterling zipped off into the night towards Elm Avenue.

Tom Johnston's house was quite still when Steel arrived. "We'll go round the back," he whispered. "H-hey, wait a second, I . . ." "Sh-sh-sh!" cautioned Steel! Cautiously, The Man of

Steel hurried round to the far side of the house.

"H-hey Steel, p-please . . ." "QUIET!" Steel Sterling began to become angry.

"B-but all I wanted was for you to put me down, Steel! I'm still under your arm!" Moments later Looney tapped his friend on the shoulder: "Look! In there!" Sure enough, a pencil of light was darting about in the upstairs room, furtively sneaking along the walls and ceiling as if searching for something. Instinctively Steel started up the lattice-work outside the sun-porch. A cloud fled along the sky, obscuring the full moon and casting a deep shadow all over the house. Steel gained the roof of the porch, and softly crept round the far end. Suddenly the cloud passed, and he was caught in the full light of the moon.

"Hey! What do you think you're doing up there?" It was the shout of a policeman. A policeman whose voice was oddly familiar.

"Better not stop to explain or they'll get away," whispered Looney from behind. Steel nodded silently.

In the flash of an instant, he dove through the upper window and swept into the room. "Down the hall!" Like a juggernaut, Sterling swooped out of the darkness upon the prowlers. He lashed out into the inky-blackness, his fists thudding against two forms. Grunts and oaths filled the air.

Suddenly from below, the front-door was heard to open. Someone came bounding up the stairs. "It's that cop," thought Looney as he hung onto one of the intruders.

That moment the lights were flashed on and two shots rang out.

Bullets whistled over Steel's head. The policeman uttered a sharp intake of breath, a red stain crept down his dark blue jacket, and he tumbled flat on his face.

"It's Clancy!" cried Looney in dismay. That second's hesitation enabled the marauders to escape. But they hadn't counted on Steel Sterling—like an uncoiled cobra he was after them.

"CLANCY! CLANCY! Speak to me!" Tears of anxiety in his voice, Looney bent over the recumbent form of his friend. Clancy opened his eyes slowly.

"L-Looney, I guess they got me! So long, p-pal!"

When Steel Sterling returned, dragging the two unconscious forms after him, he found Looney lying beside Clancy, weeping. "C-Clancy, th-they got him!" Looney went off into tears.

Steel dropped his burden and swiftly crossed to Officer Clancy. He bent down and sniffed suspiciously at the latter's jacket. Then he felt his pulse.

"He only fainted," he announced. "Wipe that cherry soda off his tunic, and let's get down to headquarters with these two-bit crooks! The bullet hit a soda bottle he had in his pocket."

Hours later when the three of them gathered on Looney's roof, Officer Clancy, turned sheepishly to his pals.

"I don't know what could have come over me. I clean forgot about that bottle of cherry soda."

Looney was manipulating his new telescope.

Suddenly a voice from a corner of the roof made him stop. It was Steel Sterling, still watching the stars. Quietly he said: "Be sure to keep that telescope aimed at the moon, Looney! There's less trouble brewing up there!"

# BLACK JACK



ALL RIGHT!  
THIS IS A RAID!

BY  
SCOTT  
FELDMAN



YOU GUYS SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TO TRY TO RUN A GAMBLING JOINT RIGHT ON MY BEAT. GET UP AGAINST THE WALL AND GIVE MY MEN YOUR NAMES AND ADDRESSES!

CHOP SCATTERED BETWEEN THE THE SUEY SHOPS WHICH LINE THE GAMBLING JOINTS WHICH ARE ACES OF PLEASURE IN HIDDEN PAL- AN EVENINGS AND OTHERWISE CHINESE NEVER LAST RELAXATION. THESE PLACES DOWN MERCILESSLY AS SOON AS THEY DISCOVER THEM. OUR STORY OPENS AT THE FAN TAN CLUB...



THAT GOES FOR YOU TOO, AH KIM! GET ON THAT LINE!... YOU'RE NO EXCEPTION!



JUMPIN...! HE'S... DEAD!!!



BLACK JACK AND THE POLICE COMMISSIONER RUSH FORWARD.

HOLY CATS! DO YOU KNOW THIS MAN, SARGE?

YES MURDOCK. WHO IS HE?



HE'S AH KIM... THE RICHEST RUG MERCHANT IN THE CITY. GAMBLING WAS HIS ONLY VICE... AND HE DIDN'T DO MUCH OF THAT! I... HEY, SOMETHING'S WRITTEN ON THIS CARD



I DON'T GET IT, MURDOCK. FAN TAN'S THE NAME OF THIS CLUB, ISN'T IT? WHAT DOES IT MEAN?



WAIT A MINUTE... I'LL FIND OUT SOMETHING! ANY OF YOU GUYS KNOW A MAN CALLED FAN TAN?

FAN TAN'S A CHINESE CARD GAME. SOME OF THESE GUYS WOULD RATHER PLAY IT THAN SLEEP. GUESS THIS IS ONE OF THEM GAMBLING MURDERS!



**SILENCE!**



NO NO! AH KIM WAS AN HONEST MAN!

HE WAS HEAD OF THE CHINESE WAR RELIEF FUND. HE WOULDN'T CHEAT. HE PLAYED CARDS FOR RELAXATION ONLY!



LET ME HANDLE THIS. MURDOCK! YOU MEN - YOU HAVE YOUR OWN CODE OF HONOR, AND IF YOU WON'T TALK... WHY, YOU WON'T! BUT JUST TELL ME ONE THING. DO YOU THINK AH KIM CHEATED AT FAN TAN?



OKAY, THEN, I'M ON MY WAY!

I'M NOT SURE THIS IS JUST A GAMBLING MURDER. DO YOU KNOW WHERE AH KIM LIVED, MURDOCK?

SURE! HE LIVES WITH HIS DAUGHTER, LOTUS, RIGHT NEXT TO HIS STORE AT 72 DOY!

**BLACK JACK LEAPS INTO HIS CAR AND SPEEDS OFF TOWARD DOY STREET...**



IT SHOULDN'T BE VERY FAR FROM HERE!



WELL, THIS IS IT! HIS NAME'S RIGHT ON THE WINDOW!



**SCREECH**

ISN'T THERE ANYONE HOME?



SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENS. WHAT IS IT, PLEASE?

YOU'RE AH KIM'S DAUGHTER, AREN'T YOU? I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO TELL YOU.

YOU'D BETTER BRACE YOURSELF FOR A SHOCK! YOUR FATHER'S DEAD, MURDERED!

OH, NO! NO! WHO DID IT? HE HAD NO ENEMIES. EVERYONE IN CHINATOWN LOVED HIM! WHO DID IT?



THE FAN TAN CLUB? DID HE HAVE THE TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS WITH HIM?

TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS! WHAT TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS?



I SEE! DID HE TELL ANYONE OTHER THAN SING LEE THAT HE HAD THAT MUCH MONEY WITH HIM?

NO ONE! NO ONE AT ALL! SING LEE WAS THE ONLY MAN HE TRUSTED!

WHY. THE MONEY HE COLLECTED FOR THE CHINESE WAR RELIEF FUND PERHAPS HE GAVE IT TO HIS FRIEND SING LEE, BEFORE GOING TO RELAX AT CARDS!



GIVE ME SING LEE'S ADDRESS AND I'LL GET RIGHT OVER THERE!

I'LL TAKE YOU MYSELF! IT'S ONLY A FEW DOORS AWAY! COME ON!



SECONDS LATER THEY ARRIVE AT SING LEE'S HOUSE...



HE LIVES RIGHT AT THE HEAD OF THESE STAIRS!



GOOD! WE MAY FIND THE SOLUTION TO THE MYSTERY UP THERE!



OKAY, LOTUS. YOU'D BETTER KNOCK ON THE DOOR!



LOTUS! HOLY CATS! SHE'S GONE!



I'LL SEE IF I CAN GET ANY MORE LIGHT IN THIS PLACE!

I'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH!



BUT AS THE LIGHT GOES ON...



WHAT'S THAT?



THIS MUST BE SING LEE! AND... AND THERE'S A CARD NEAR HIS HAND!



A ♠  
He who cheats at cards deserves death.  
Fong San

NO CHANCE FOR THIS FELLOW! HE'S PLENTY DEAD!



SUDDENLY... YES, MY FRIEND... HE'S DEAD! AND YOU'RE NEXT!



TRYING TO FIND OUT WHO FAN TAN IS, ARE YOU? WELL, THIS IS MY CALLING CARD!



I DON'T LIKE THAT KIND OF CALLING CARD, PAL!



YOUR REPUTATION FOR CLEVERNESS IS GOING TO BRING ABOUT YOUR DEATH! I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES ON YOUR SOLVING THIS CASE!

THEN HOW ABOUT THIS KIND?



AT THAT MOMENT....

CLOMP CLOMP

WHAT'S THAT?





I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!



FAN TAN RUNS THROUGH A SECRET DOOR...



I'VE COME TO CLEAN THE... WHAT... WHAT HAPPENED?



YOU MAY NOT KNOW IT, LADY... BUT YOU JUST SAVED MY LIFE!



SUDDENLY SOMETHING CATCHES BLACK JACK'S EYE, AND...

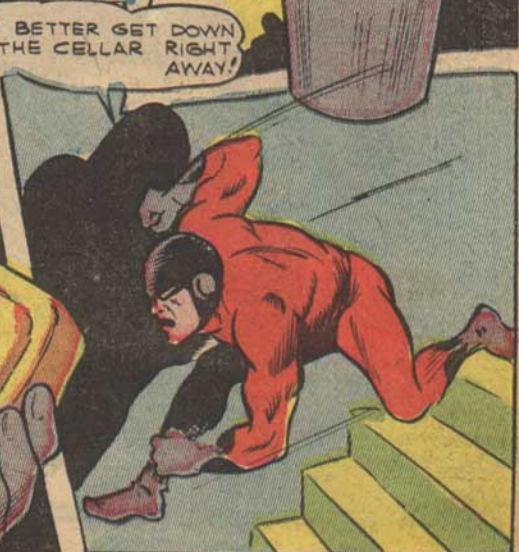
WHERE DID YOU GET THIS SOAP?



W-WHY, IN THE... THE CELLAR WHERE I KEEP ALL MY SOAP!



I recognize him... I saved Fan Tan with it above the Firm



I'D BETTER GET DOWN TO THE CELLAR RIGHT AWAY!

THE OTHER HALF  
MUST BE ON THAT  
PILE!

BLACK JACK FINDS  
THE OTHER HALF...



BLACK JACK GETS UNDER  
WAY ONCE MORE...

HE MUST HAVE TAKEN HER  
WITH HIM TO KEEP HER FROM  
TALKING! IF I DON'T WORK  
FAST...

*I recognize him as a man who  
played Phantom with my father. He  
lives above the Sun-Tan Club.*

THE DOOR'S LOCKED!  
I GUESS THE RAID  
MUST BE OVER!

THE DOOR OPENS, AND...

HEY IN THERE!  
OPEN UP THIS DOOR!  
OPEN UP!

SO SORRY! ARRESTS  
HAVE BEEN MADE AND  
YOUR FRIENDS ARE  
GONE! THIS PLACE IS  
NOW CLOSED!

WELL, FOR  
THE LOVE  
OF...

I HAVEN'T  
ANY TIME  
TO ARGUE,  
PAL!

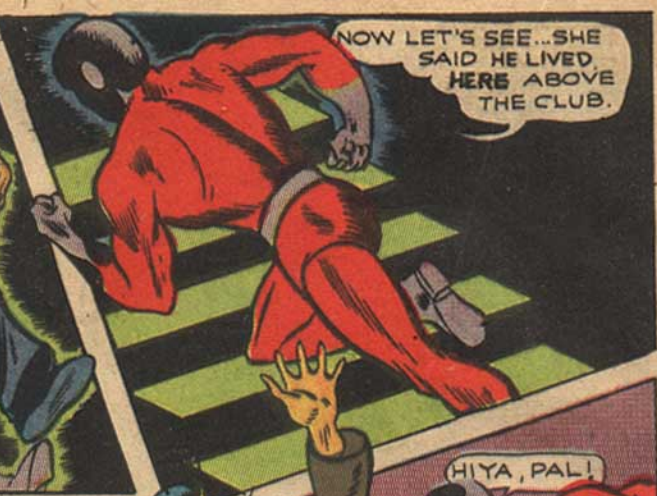
SLAM

SO STEP ASIDE, QUICK!



AH! THERE'S MY FRIEND FAN TAN NOW!

NOW LET'S SEE...SHE SAID HE LIVED HERE ABOVE THE CLUB.



HIYA, PAL!



SLAM

SUDDENLY...

HOLY CATS!



YOU WHITE RAT- I'LL KILL YOU.

DON'T BET ON THAT, FAN TAN.



BLACK JACK IS STUNNED... AND WHEN HE GETS TO HIS FEET...

WHAM!

HE'S GONE! BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER. THIS CASE IS SOLVED!



FAN TAN, EH? WHY, YOU'RE A -----



BLACK JACK  
MAKES SOME  
PHONE CALLS...

I ASKED YOU HERE  
BECAUSE I'VE DISCOVERED  
THE TRUTH BEHIND THIS  
FAN TAN  
CASE!

THE ONLY PERSON WHO  
COULD HAVE DONE THE  
MURDERS WAS SOMEONE  
WHO KNEW ABOUT THE  
CHINESE RELIEF FUND MONEY...  
YES, THAT BUSINESS ABOUT  
CHEATING AT  
CARDS WAS  
JUST AN AT-  
TEMPT TO  
COVER UP AND  
HIDE THE  
THEFT!

I THOUGHT ABOUT THAT AND  
WONDERED WHO WOULD  
HAVE KNOWN ABOUT THE  
MONEY. IT HAD TO BE A MAN,  
FOR I'D FOUGHT WITH FAN  
TAN AND I KNEW HE WAS  
A MAN! SING LEE WAS  
DEAD. WHO ELSE THEN  
WOULD AH KIM TRUST?

THE NEIGHBORHOOD COP,  
OF COURSE! EVERYBODY TRUSTS  
THE NEIGHBORHOOD COP!.....  
YOU'RE FAN TAN, MURDOCK!

WHAT ARE YOU  
TALKING ABOUT?  
YOU'RE  
CRAZY!

YOU'RE THE KILLER!

UGH!!

I KNEW FAN TAN  
WAS A WHITE MAN  
WHEN I SAW HE HAD SHORT  
MANICURED NAILS. A  
CHINAMAN OF THE OLD  
SCHOOL WOULD HAVE  
NAILS AN INCH LONG!

DON'T KID  
YOURSELF  
PAL....

YOU'RE ON  
YOUR WAY TO  
THE HOT SEAT!

ALL RIGHT! BUT  
NOBODY HERE  
WILL EVER LIVE  
TO TELL!

FUNNY...A MAN LIKE  
MURDOCK TURNING  
KILLER. HE WAS A  
FOOL TO STEP ON THE  
OTHER SIDE OF THE  
FENCE. AS A LAW  
OFFICER, HE HAD A  
GREAT CAREER AHEAD  
OF HIM. AS A KILLER,  
HE FACES ONLY... DEATH!

MURDER IS  
IN THE CARDS  
NEXT  
ISSUE..  
THE STRANGEST  
MURDER OF  
BLACK JACK'S  
CAREER. YOU  
THINK FANTAN  
WAS DANGEROUS?  
WAIT TILL YOU  
MEET BLACK  
JACK'S  
NEXT  
OPPONENT

SOCK

the END

Get your  
COPY  
OF JANUARY  
ZIP COMICS

# WORLD WONDERS



**T**HE LUNGFISH IS THE WORLD'S LONGEST SLEEPER WITH A RECORD OF HAVING SLEPT FOR FOUR YEARS!



**SNAKE KILLER**  
THE "ROADRUNNER" BIRD WILL ATTACK AND KILL A RATTLESNAKE!

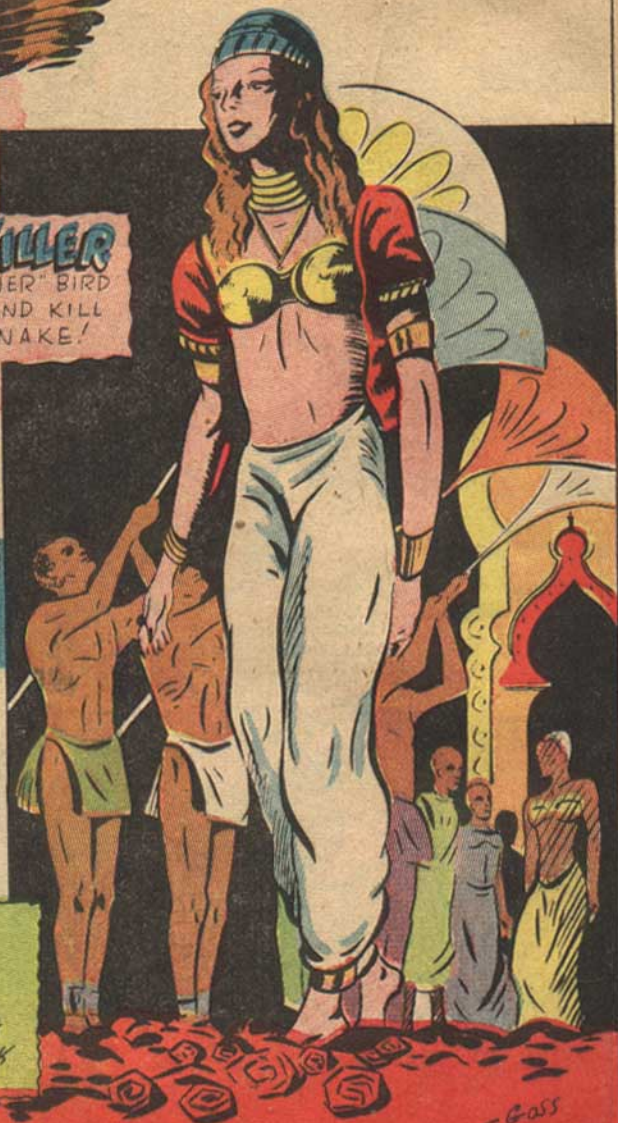


**16<sup>th</sup> CENTURY**

EUROPEAN RECIPE BOOKS CONTAINED DIRECTIONS FOR EATING A LIVE GOOSE!

**Cleopatra**

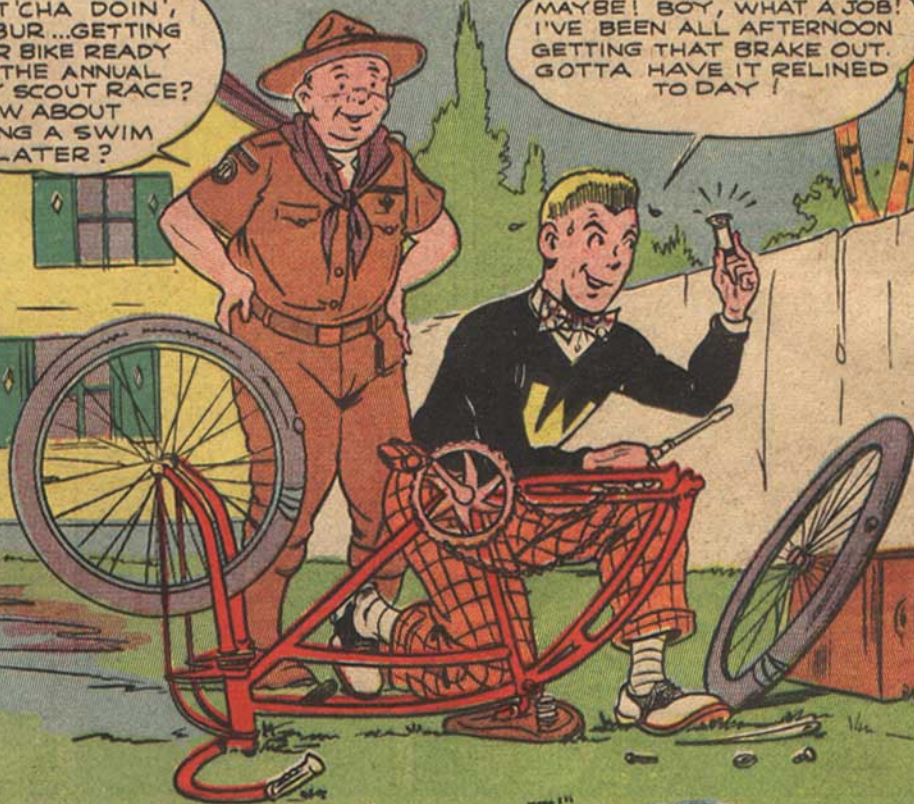
COVERED HER DINING SALON WITH A CARPET OF ROSES 7 FOOT THICK



# WILBUR

WHAT 'CHA DOIN',  
WILBUR...GETTING  
YOUR BIKE READY  
FOR THE ANNUAL  
BOY SCOUT RACE?  
HOW ABOUT  
TAKING A SWIM  
LATER?

MAYBE! BOY, WHAT A JOB!  
I'VE BEEN ALL AFTERNOON  
GETTING THAT BRAKE OUT.  
GOTTA HAVE IT RELINED  
TODAY!



by  
Montana

DOODLES BY CUTLER

**WILBUR!**

COME HERE!  
I WANT YOU TO  
RUN AN ERRAND!

WELL -  
THERE'S  
YOUR  
ANSWER  
TO THE  
SWIMMING!

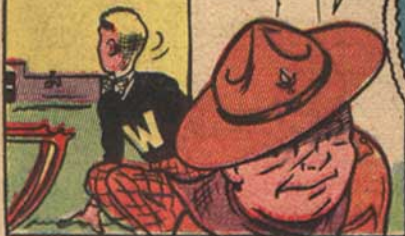
YEAH! S'LONG,  
PAL!

WILBUR-TAKE THIS ANTIQUE  
COFFEE GRINDER DOWN  
TO THE REDCROSS AUCTION  
ON THE CHURCH LAWN.  
I PROMISED TO  
DONATE IT!

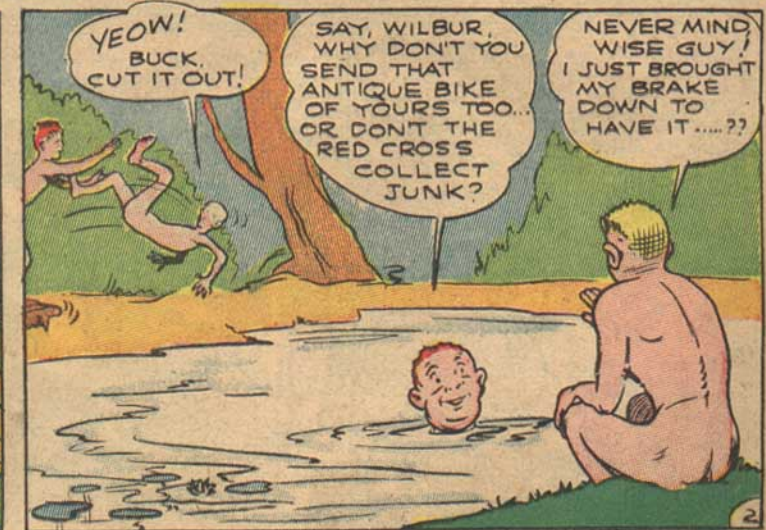
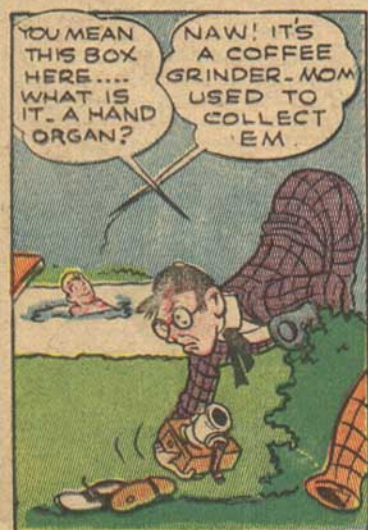
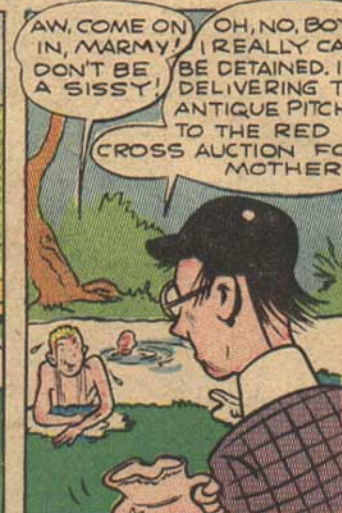
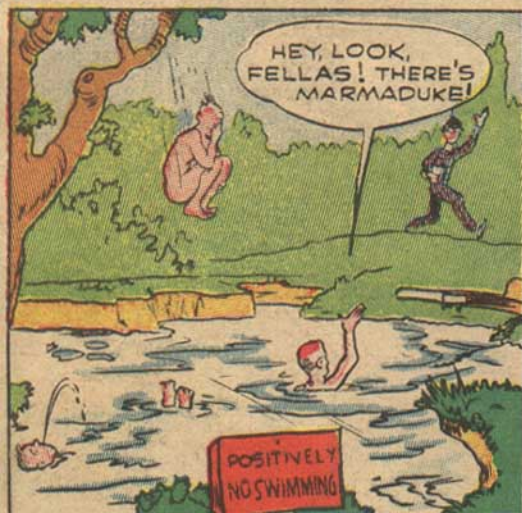
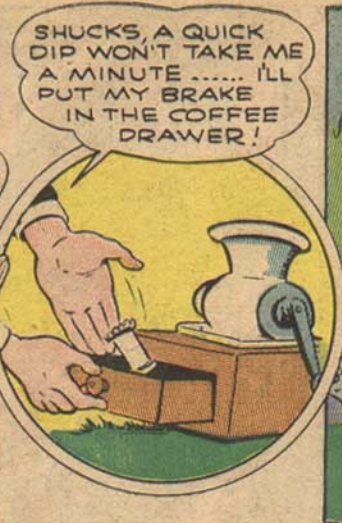
OKAY, MOM!

A-P-A

MIGHT AS WELL TAKE  
MY BRAKE DOWN TO  
MR. RAND AND  
HAVE IT FIXED  
AT THE  
SAME  
TIME!









HOLY CATS!  
I LEFT MY BRAKE IN  
THE DRAWER OF THAT  
COFFER  
GRINDER!



WHAT'S THE  
MATTER  
WITH  
WILBUR?

I DUNNO!  
BUT DID YOU  
EVER SEE ANY-  
ONE GET DRESS-  
ED SO FAST?



**AUCTION**  
**+ TOD**

OBOY!!  
I HOPE I'M  
NOT TOO  
LATE...  
PUFF PUFF



NOW, LADIES AND  
GENTLEMEN, WE HAVE  
HERE A VERY VALUABLE  
ANTIQUE COFFEE  
GRINDER!

?



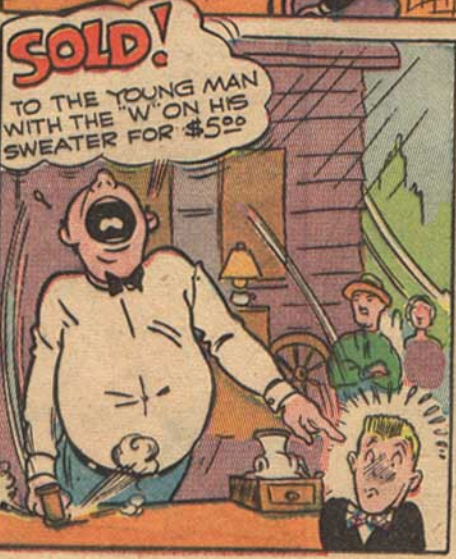
ARE  
YOU  
INTERESTED  
IN THAT COFFEE  
GRINDER,  
YOUNG  
MAN?

Y-Y-YES-SIR,  
IN THE DRAWER  
... MY.....



IS IT WORTH  
ONE DOLLAR?

A DOLLAR?  
FOR THAT BRAKE!  
WHY, IT'S WORTH  
**FIVE**  
DOLLARS!



**SOLD!**  
TO THE YOUNG MAN  
WITH THE 'W' ON HIS  
SWEATER FOR \$5.00



YOU CAN GET IT  
RIGHT OVER THERE AT  
THE CASHIER'S DESK...  
AFTER YOU PAY!

OH!



BUT I HAVEN'T  
GOT FIVE  
DOLLARS!

OH! YOU WANT  
IT SENT C.O.D.,  
HEH? WHAT'S  
THE NAME  
AND ADDRESS?



GOSH-I'VE GOT TO GET HOME BEFORE THEY DELIVER THAT GRINDER AND.....



BACK BY THE SWIMMING HOLE...

SHHHH! HERE COMES WILBUR NOW...GET READY!

PUFF! PUFF!



HOLD 'IM! TAKE HIS SHIRT OFF GET HIS PANTS!

HEY FELLAS, WAIT! I GOTTA HEY



ONE! TWO THREE!



MEANWHILE AT WILBUR'S HOME...

BUT THE NAME HERE SAYS WILKIN, AND THERE'S FIVE DOLLARS DUE!

WELL THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE. I DIDN'T BUY IT, I DONATED IT! YOU'D BETTER TAKE IT BACK!

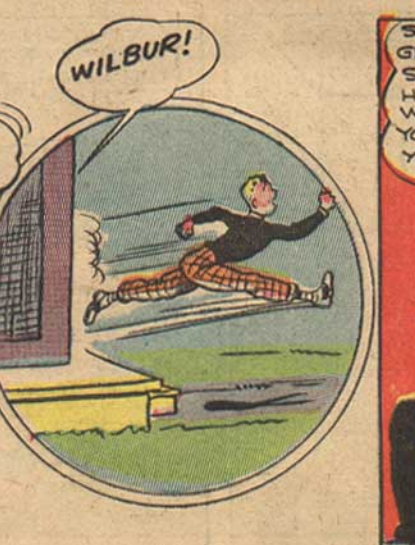
SOON...

GEE WHIZ! THOSE DARN GUYS PICK THE FUNNIEST TIMES TO GET GAY.



OH THERE YOU ARE! WILBUR, I WISH YOU'D GET THINGS STRAIGHT. THE AUCTION BROUGHT THAT COFFEE GRINDER BACK HERE AND I HAD TO SEND IT BACK!

WHAT!



WILBUR!



SORRY, SON, THAT COFFEE GRINDER WAS JUST SOLD.... MAN IN A STRAW HAT, I THINK! WISH YOU'D MAKE UP YOUR MIND WHETHER YOU WANT IT OR NOT!

BOY! IF WILBUR ONLY KNEW THE MAN IN THE STRAW HAT WAS HIS DAD... MR. WILKIN...

DUM TEE DUM!  
I GUESS I WAS PRETTY LUCKY TO GET THIS FOR '10! THE WIFE SURE USED TO BE CRAZY ABOUT THESE!



MY! WON'T THE LITTLE WOMEN BE SUPRISED!

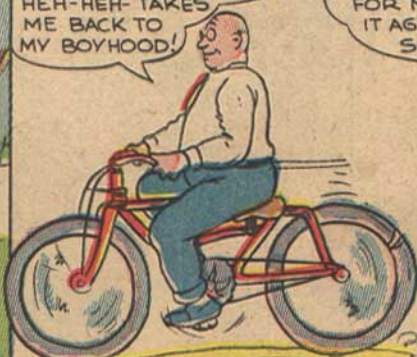


NUTS! YOU TRY TO DO SOMETHING NICE AN' WHAT DO YOU GET... MUMBLE... MUMBLE... HMMM, THERE'S WILBUR'S BIKE!

MIGHT AS WELL TAKE A RIDE WHILE THE WIFE COOLS OFF! HEH-HEH- TAKES ME BACK TO MY BOYHOOD!

WILBUR, WILL YOU PLEASE GET RID OF THIS THING FOR ME? IF I SEE IT AGAIN, I'LL SCREAM!

YES'M! GOLLY, AM I TIRED, I'VE NEVER SEEN SO MANY STRAW HATS IN TOWN AND I STOPPED EVERY ONE!



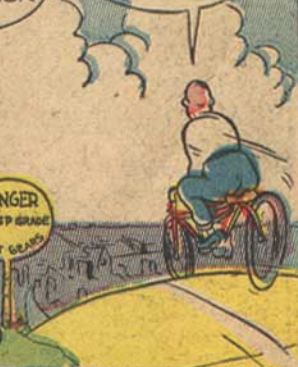
THE COFFEE GRINDER!! WOW! AND HERE'S THE BRAKE TO MY BIKE!

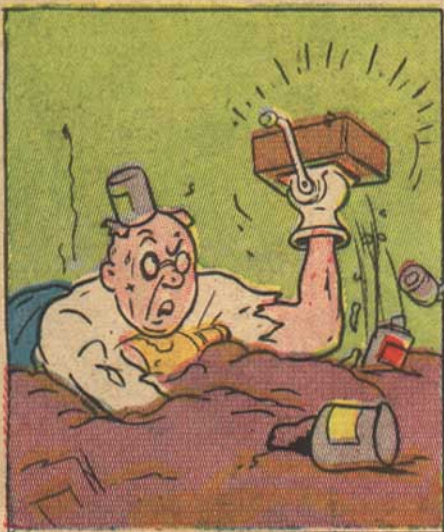
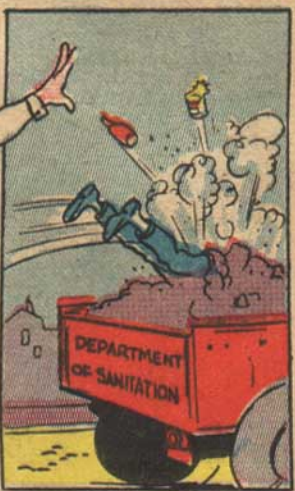
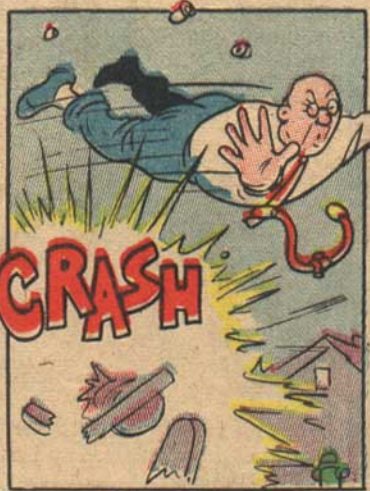
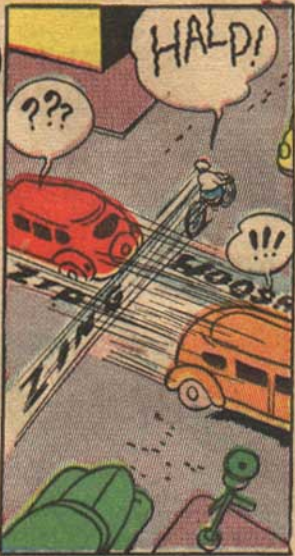
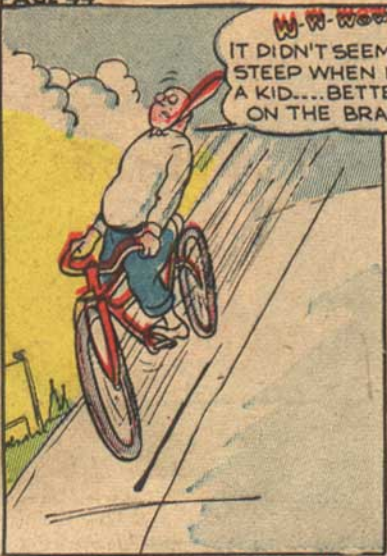
YOUR BICYCLE BRAKE? YOU MEAN YOUR BICYCLE HAS NO BRAKE... ON... IT?

MOM! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT! HERE TAKE A DRINK!

OOOH! YOUR FATHER TOOK A RIDE ON YOUR BICYCLE!... NOW WILL YOU THROW THAT COFFEE GRINDER IN THE ASH CAN BEFORE THE DUMP TRUCK COMES!

BY GOLLY, I HAVEN'T BEEN DOWN SNAKE HILL ON A BICYCLE SINCE I WAS A KID!





**NOTICE!**  
HOARDING LEADS TO INFLATION...  
INFLATION LEADS TO TURMOIL...  
TURMOIL LEADS TO CONFUSION,  
AND IF YOU'RE NOT CONFUSED NOW LET US ADD THAT THE NEXT ISSUE OF ZIP COMICS LEADS TO MORE LAUGHS WITH WILBUR—COMICS' BIG LAUGH NOVELTY!

# LOOK

FOR THIS TRADEMARK:



FEATURING  
THE SHIELD

FEATURING  
STEEL STERLING

FEATURING  
THE HANGMAN



FEATURING  
THE SHIELD AND  
THE WIZARD



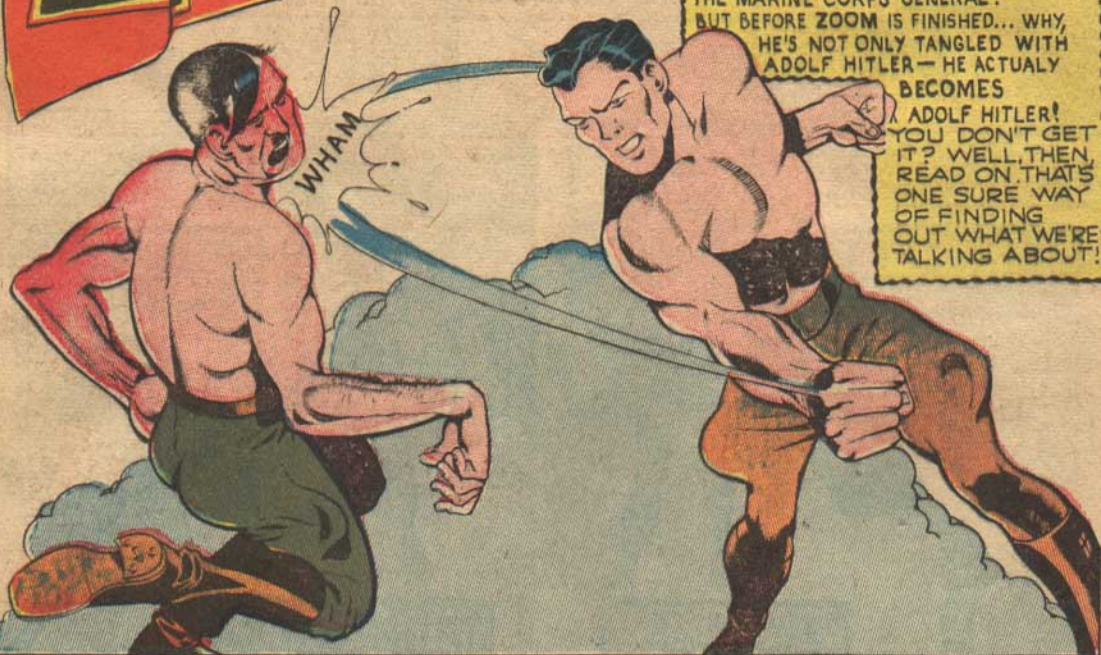
FEATURING  
POKEY  
OAKY

FEATURING  
THE  
BLACK  
HOOD

**MLJ LEADS THE WAY!  
REMEMBER-WHEN BETTER MAGAZINES ARE  
PUBLISHED, MLJ WILL PUBLISH THEM!**

# ZOOM O'DAY

THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT... THIS IS ZOOM O'DAYS MOST COCKEYED ADVENTURE. IT ALL STARTS INNOCENTLY ENOUGH — WITH ZOOM AND HIS PAL, LIVERLIPS, GOING ON A MISSION FOR THE MARINE CORPS GENERAL. BUT BEFORE ZOOM IS FINISHED... WHY, HE'S NOT ONLY TANGLED WITH ADOLF HITLER — HE ACTUALLY BECOMES ADOLF HITLER! YOU DON'T GET IT? WELL, THEN READ ON, THAT'S ONE SURE WAY OF FINDING OUT WHAT WE'RE TALKING ABOUT!

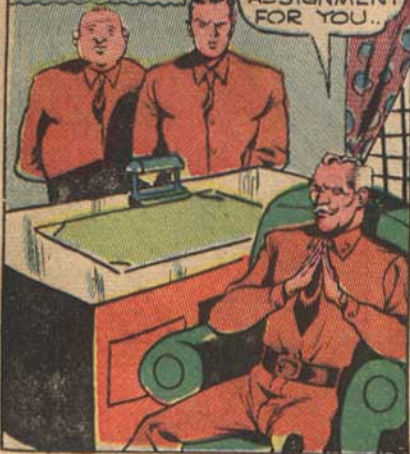


AT A MARINE BASE SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND.....

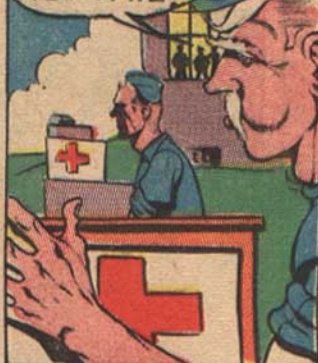


INSIDE THE  
COMMANDER'S  
OFFICE....

MEN—I'VE GOT  
A DIFFICULT  
ASSIGNMENT  
FOR YOU...



YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE MEDICAL SUPPLIES OVER TO THE VOLISTOV FORT IN RUSSIA! THESE SUPPLIES ARE BADLY NEEDED! YOU MUST NOT FAIL!



WE WON'T  
SIR! YOU  
CAN DEPEND  
ON THAT!

I WILL... AND  
GOOD LUCK!



SOON, THEY ARE WINGING  
OVER A GERMAN OCCUPIED  
SECTION OF  
RUSSIA....



SUDDENLY...

OH OH!  
TROUBLE!



WE'LL LAND IN  
THAT CLEAR  
SPACE BEYOND  
THE TREES!

AND AFTER A SUCCESSFUL  
LANDING....

HA HA HA  
HA HA

HEY, ZOOM,  
HOLD THAT  
GROUND STILL!



LIVERLIPS, LOOK! A  
COUPLE OF HEINIES  
IN A MILITARY CAR!  
BOY O BOY, IF  
WE COULD.....  
HEY!!



I GOT ME AN IDEA.  
GET THAT MANIKIN OUT  
OF THAT STORE  
WINDOW, AND....











BEFORE I GO, I GIFF YOU DER PRIVILEGE OF SHAKING MY HAND!

OH, THRILL OF THRILLS!

DON'T BUT ME!! YOU NINCO MPOOP!! JERK!! SHTUNK! I HAF COME TO SUPERVISE DER DROPPING OF PAMPHLETS!



OUR FUEHRER TRULY IS A GREAT MAN WHO.....



SUDDENLY

HEIL!

UH! HULLO



HOLY CATS! THE REAL FUEHRER HAS ARRIVED...

VOT? VOT? VOT? VOT?

V-Vot?



TAKE THIS INSOLENT DOG WHO DARES TO IMITATE ME UND PUT HIM IN JAIL!



FEED HIM ONE PIECE OF BREAD UND ONE GLASS OF WATER DAILY! OUDT!



AND NOW I MUST LEAVE YOU, CAPTAIN SHMALTZHERRING! I WOULD LIKE TO BORROW A PLANE!

BUT SURELY FUEHRER!



GOODBYE MY FUEHRER! HMPH! IMAGINE DOT OTHER GUY TRYING TO ACT LIKE OUR LOVELY FUEHRER HUMPH!



AND BACK TO THE REAL HITLER... I WANT TO GET OUDT!



SHUT UP!!

BONG!



IN THE SKY...

RUSSIA, HERE WE COME!!

... AT LAST



HOURS LATER

WE MUST BE OVER RUSSIA, BY NOW. OKAY, LIVER LIPS.

RIGHT! ZOOM!



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!

LOOK! THE PLANE IS LANDING!



SURROUND THE NAZIS!



NOW GET READY TO DIE!

LISTEN, PAL... DON'T LET THE PLANE AND UNIFORM FOOL YOU! WOULD A NAZI BRING YOU MEDICAL SUPPLIES?



AND AS FOR THIS HITLER MOUSTACHE...



SEE?

I AM SO SORRY, FUEHRER. I JUST DISCOVERED MY ERROR TODAY. PLEASE... PLEASE FORGIVE ME.

AND BACK IN JAIL...

FORGIVE YOU! WHY, YOU \$SA!!  
OOO OOO!??  
I'LL.....

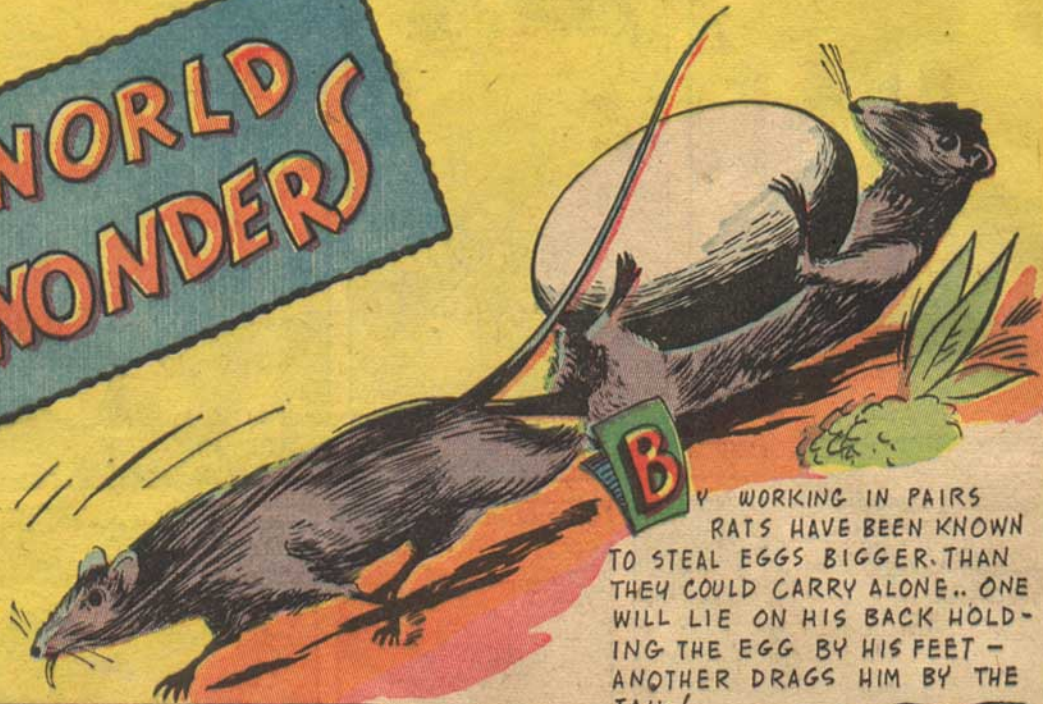


NEXT DAY

A REPORT REACHES US THAT GENERAL SHMALTZHERRING DIED SUDDENLY THIS MORNING OF A HEART ATTACK...

The END

# WORLD WONDERS

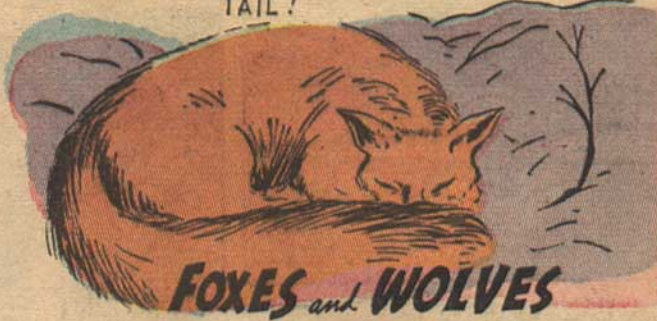


**B**Y WORKING IN PAIRS RATS HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO STEAL EGGS BIGGER THAN THEY COULD CARRY ALONE.. ONE WILL LIE ON HIS BACK HOLDING THE EGG BY HIS FEET - ANOTHER DRAGS HIM BY THE TAIL!



## THE PIGEON WHO WON THE WAR!

PIGEON NO. 183/14 OF THE FRENCH ARMY IS SAID TO HAVE TURNED THE TIDE OF THE WAR NO. I FROM DEFEAT TO VICTORY BY CARRYING A MESSAGE FROM THE FRENCH MAJOR THROUGH THE GAS AND SHELL FILLED AIR TO THE FRENCH HEADQUARTERS... THE NOTE BROUGHT HELP TO VERDUN.



## FOXES and WOLVES

USE THEIR BUSHY TAIL TO KEEP THEIR NOSE AND FEET WARM IN COLD WEATHER.



A PORPOISE WHISTLES TO EXPRESS EXCITEMENT OR FEAR!

# ZIP'S HALL OF FAME

FORTUNATE IS THE LAND THAT CAN CALL ON MEN AND WOMEN ALIKE TO DEFEND ITS BORDERS. HAPPY ARE ITS PEOPLE, SECURE IN THE KNOWLEDGE THEY'RE ALL HELD TOGETHER BY THE COMMON BOND OF FREEDOM.

THE HALL OF FAME IS PROUD TO AWARD ITS PALM OF THE MONTH TO RUSSIA'S FIRST HEROINE, MARIA BAIDA...

M

ARIA BAIDA

YOUNG RUSSIAN GIRL AWARDED THE ORDER OF LENIN FOR BRAVERY...



LIVING UNDER THE RUTHLESS RULE OF THE CONQUERING NAZIS.. THE STARVING PEASANTS OF OCCUPIED RUSSIA AVIDLY HARVEST THEIR ONE REMAINING CROP OF WHEAT...



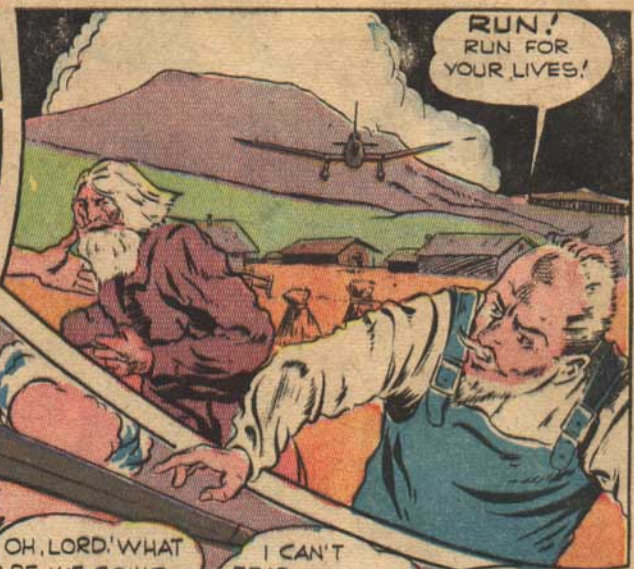
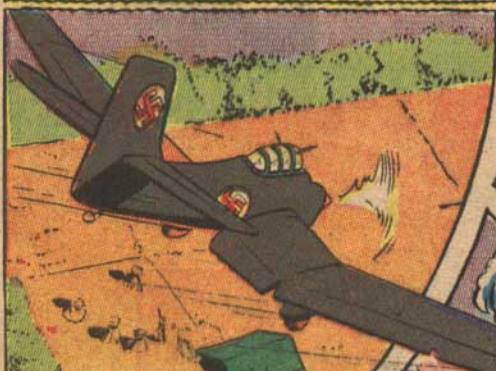
AT LAST! WHEAT OF OUR OWN THAT WILL MAKE BREAD FOR US!

JUST THINK, WE'LL BE ABLE TO TASTE BREAD ONCE MORE!

IF ONLY THE NAZIS DON'T FIND OUT AND ROB US AGAIN!



BUT AS THOUGH TO MOCK THEIR FERVENT HOPES, THE SKY SUDDENLY DARKENS... THE SHADOW OF A NAZI PLANE LOOMS...



AS THE PEASANTS FLEE... THE NAZI PLANE SUDDENLY RELEASES A STREAM OF FLAMING OIL...



WHO IS THIS MODERN JOAN OF ARC - THIS 23 YEAR OLD RUSSIAN GIRL WITH STEEL-BLUE EYES?

THE FOLLOWING DAY...NAZI SCOUT PLANES OBSERVE...

LOOK! CARTS FULL OF FRUIT! LET'S LAND, KURT! SIGNAL THE OTHER PLANES!

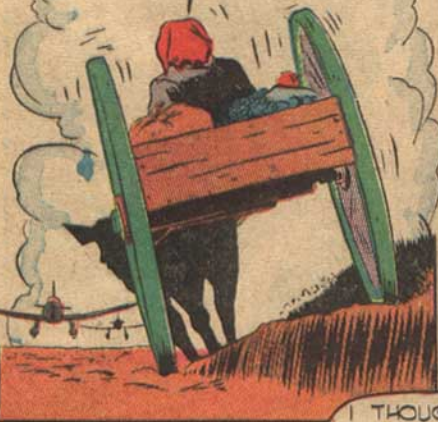


THOSE PEASANTS HAVE NO RIGHT TO IT! WE WILL TAKE IT OVER! WE'LL TEACH THEM WHO'S MASTER HERE!



BUT SUDDENLY...FROM WITHIN THE FRUIT CARTS APPEAR SNIPERS...

THE NAZI PLANES ARE LANDING!



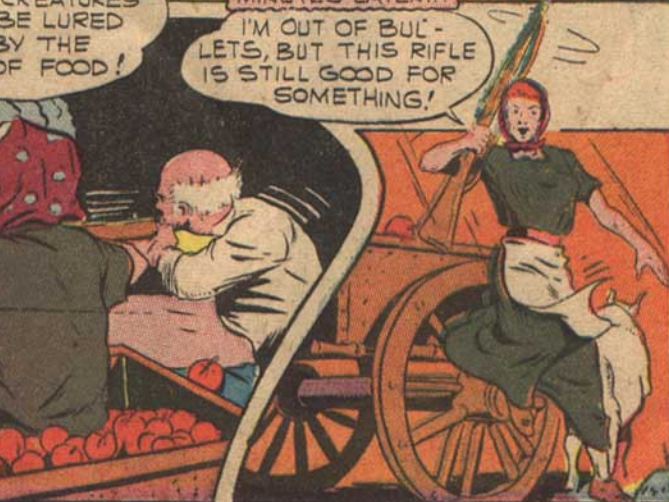
HALT! YOU PEASANT SWINE!



I THOUGHT THOSE GREEDY CREATURES WOULD BE LURED DOWN BY THE SIGHT OF FOOD!

MINUTES LATER...

I'M OUT OF BULLETS, BUT THIS RIFLE IS STILL GOOD FOR SOMETHING!





SO YOU'D LIKE TO STEAL, WOULD YOU?

AND AS THE NAZIS RUN OFF, COME BACK COWARDS! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW STRONG WE RUSSIAN WOMEN CAN BE!

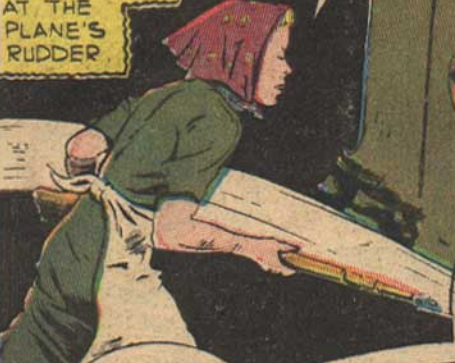
BUT AS THE PLANE GETS UNDER WAY...



I'LL GET DOT GIRL NOW!

THIS WILL STOP THEM FROM GOING FAR!

MARIA HACKS AT THE PLANE'S RUDDER



WOUNDED IN THE SHOULDER MARIA STUMBLES AND FALLS...



BUT SHE SEES HER DUTY ACCOMPLISHED...THE NAZI PLANE CRACKS UP IN MIDAIR...



WEEKS LATER FINDS MARIA BADA ON ACTIVE DUTY ON THE SEVASTOPOL FRONT, ACTING AS AN ADVANCE GUARD ENTRUSTED WITH DELAYING THE ENEMY'S SPEARHEADS...



LATER... AS HER WOUND IS BEING DRESSED...



WHEN CAN I GET UP, DOCTOR?

NOT FOR SOME TIME, MY DEAR MARIA!

BUT THERE'S NO KEEPING MARIA IN THE HOSPITAL, AND AS SOON AS THE DOCTOR'S BACK IS TURNED...

ONE NIGHT, A NIGHT THAT WILL LIVE LONG IN HISTORY - THE NAZIS BRING FORWARD THEIR CRACK TROOPS TO EXECUTE A PINNACLES MOVEMENT...



WHEN SUDDENLY...



SHOTS! WE'RE BEING AMBUSHED!



ACHTUNG! RETREAT! SAFE YOURSELVES!

THOROUGHLY SURPRISED AND UNPREPARED FOR THE SNIPING, THE NAZIS FALL BACK...

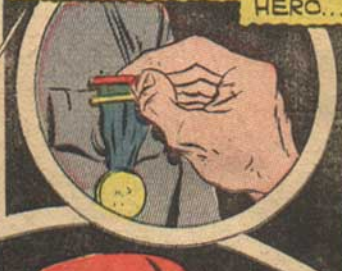
IT'S **MARIA BAIDA**  
THE ONE-WOMAN ARMY...



WHAT BRAVE MEN THESE  
NAZIS ARE! THE LEAST SUR-  
PRISE AND THEY RUN, HA  
HA HA HA!



IT WAS FOR SUCH FEATS AS  
THESE... FOR HER UTTER SELF-  
LESSNESS AND BRAVERY  
THAT **MARIA BAIDA** WAS DECOR-  
ATED WITH THE ORDER OF  
LENIN, THE HIGHEST AWARD  
TO BE GIVEN A RUSSIAN  
HERO...



MARIA, THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE  
WANT YOU TO KNOW HOW  
DEAR YOU  
ARE TO  
THEIR  
HEARTS!

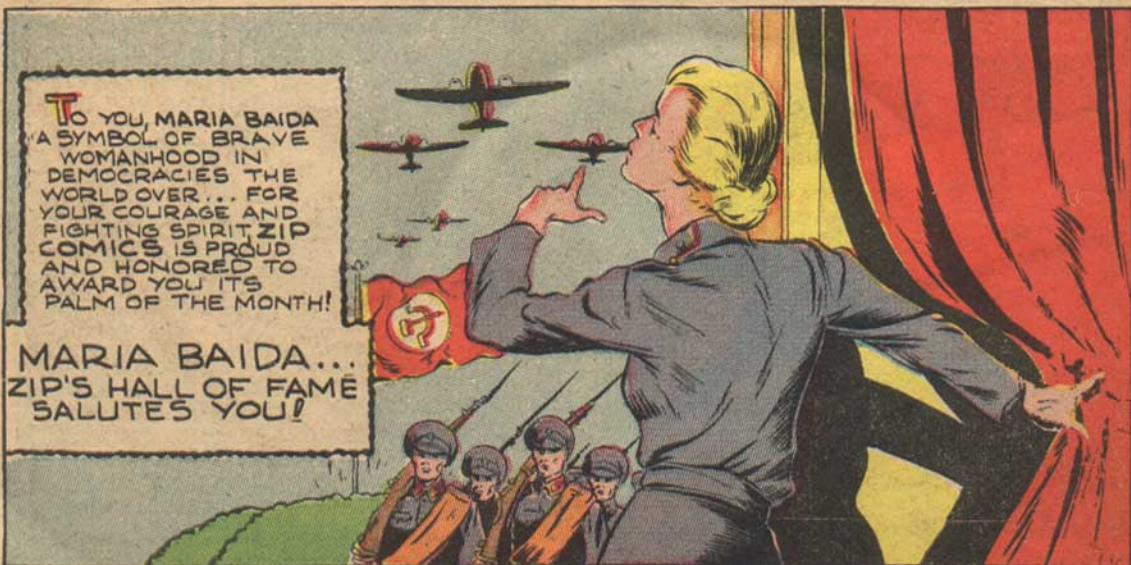


COMRADE KALININ, THE HONOR  
YOU AND THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE  
GIVE ME IS INDEED GREAT..  
BUT I CAN STAY HERE NO  
LONGER.. I MUST GET  
BACK TO  
THE FRONT!



**T**O YOU, MARIA BAIDA  
A SYMBOL OF BRAVE  
WOMANHOOD IN  
DEMOCRACIES THE  
WORLD OVER... FOR  
YOUR COURAGE AND  
FIGHTING SPIRIT, ZIP  
COMICS IS PROUD  
AND HONORED TO  
AWARD YOU ITS  
PALM OF THE MONTH!

**MARIA BAIDA...**  
ZIP'S HALL OF FAME  
SALUTES YOU!



OUCH! NOW I'VE GONE AND DONE IT! THESE CHARACTERS WERE BEING SAVED AS A SURPRISE! OH, WELL, NOW THAT THE CAT'S OUT OF THE BAG, YOU MIGHT AS WELL KNOW THAT YOU'LL FIND ALL OF THESE --AND ME TOO!-- IN THE NEW...

# ARCHIE COMICS!

HIYA, GANG!  
ME - I'M  
SQUOIMY  
D'WOIM.

I'M KINDA BUSY  
LOOKING FOR A  
CLUE RIGHT NOW -  
BUT I'LL PAUSE  
JUST FOR ONE  
MINUTE TO TELL  
YOU THAT I'M  
BUMBIE THE  
BEE-TECTIVE!

PERMIT ME TO  
INTRODUCE MYSELF.  
I AM JUDGE OWL  
... QUITE A WISE OLD  
FELLOW, EVEN IF I  
DO SAY SO MYSELF!

AND JUST CALL  
ME CUBBY, KIDS!  
DON'T FORGET, I  
SURE WANT TO SEE  
YOU LOOKING ACROSS  
THE PAGE AT ME... SO  
GET YOUR COPY OF  
ARCHIE COMICS!  
IT'LL BE AT YOUR  
NEWSSTAND ANY  
DAY NOW!

ATTENTION, AMERICA! HERE IS OUR ANSWER TO THE THOUSANDS OF LETTERS THAT HAVE POURED IN... THE MILLIONS OF LAUGHS THAT HAVE ROCKED THE COUNTRY! ARCHIE IN A MAGAZINE OF HIS OWN, ON SALE SOON. LOOK FOR IT!

# MEET THE EDITOR

by SCOTT FELDMAN



**HARRY SHORTEN**

**O**NE bright April morning about a million years ago—or anyway, it *feels* like a million years ago—I meandered over to 60 Hudson Street, to begin work as assistant editorial director for the M.L.J. comic magazines.

I took the elevator up to the third floor, and started to enter the M.L.J. offices at Suite 315. At this point, a man came rolling out and almost knocked me over.

The man was clutching a manuscript in his hand, and he looked as though he had just fallen off a roller-coaster and landed on his head.

Halfway into the long hall which precedes the outer office, I tangled with another man. This fellow had an artist's portfolio under his arm, and he looked like he'd fallen off the same roller-coaster.

I later learned that both these men had just emerged from a story conference with Harry Shorten, my new boss . . . and that they'd had their bad ideas tossed out so quickly and new ideas added so quickly that it sent them away pretty much dazed.

Well, maybe I'm exaggerating a bit. Maybe a story conference with Harry Shorten doesn't produce such mind-whirling effects. But I do know that H.S. has the peculiar

knack of considering a story and getting right to the basic wrongs, if any. You can call him a hard editorial master, and you can call him a slave-driver, but his habit of working with artists and writers through every stage produces the best comic stories published. You know what I mean if you read his magazines.

Here are some personal details:

Harry Shorten's a young fellow, twenty-seven or twenty-eight. Height, 5-11; weight about 190; all muscle. I remember my first impression when meeting him. "Here," I said to myself, "is a guy I'll never attempt to poke in the snoot." I wasn't surprised when I learned later that Short had starred on the New York University football team (been All-Eastern, in fact) and had later played pro football in the American League.

Unlike many people in the writing business, who pounded typewriters while biting their teething rings, Harry Shorten, up till the time he entered college, had no idea that he was headed for a literary career. But he was on the football team at NYU, and this gave him an idea for a book called, "How to Watch a Football Game." He wrote the book, and the book was published. It had a spectacular sale . . . and this made him think more seriously about writing. He began to write sports stories for the pulp magazines in his spare time.

All this while, he was continuing his college work as a Geology major, and by the time he had graduated with honors, he'd sold so many sports stories that he'd lost count.

Well, he was out of college now, and while he was waiting for something good to develop

in the geology field, he continued to write more sports stories. Then someone asked him to write some stories for the comic magazines. He started on these, and was so successful, that before he knew it he'd been made editorial director up here at M.L.J. Shortly afterwards he was offered an excellent position in Washington as a geologist, and he refused it. . . .

At present, he manages PEP COMICS, ZIP COMICS, TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS, HANGMAN COMICS, JACKPOT COMICS, and SHIELD-WIZARD COMICS. Editing two magazines is a man-sized job; Short edits six, and handles his work capably. He accounts for his ability to get all his work done on deadline to Irving Novick, Bob Montana, Paul Reinman, Carl Hubbell, "Red" Holmdale and all the other crack artists who work for him.

Short's a settled married man now, with a beautiful wife named Rose, and a fifteen-month-old daughter named Melinda who is the sweetest, swellest, cutest, loveliest, most wonderful and amazing baby girl on earth. (Honest, this description is strictly my own opinion. The fact that Short is holding a baseball bat near my head as I write has nothing to do with it.)

To sum up, it's a pleasure to work for the guy. Yessir, I—wait a minute!

**SCOTT FELDMAN—  
COME HERE!!!!**

Ulp! I guess he's found out about that spelling error I missed when I proofread that Shield story. All right, I'm coming. I'm coming. Keep your shirt on.

\$\$\$&\*\*\*!!!! There must be an easier way of earning a living!

Coming, boss. . . .

PEOPLE AMERICA  
CAN DO WITHOUT!  
NO. 9... THE CASE  
OF SILAS URIAH!

# Zambini



LOOK HERE, SILAS URIAH! YOU'VE RAISED THE RENTS OF DEFENSE WORKERS! YOU PROFITEERED WHILE OUR COUNTRY FIGHTS A GRIM BATTLE TO THE DEATH! YOU ARE A FIFTH COLUMNIST AS SURELY AS THOUGH YOU WERE IN THE PAY OF HITLER!

THANKS FOR LETTING ME ENTERTAIN YOUR MEN, MR. WOLF! BY THE WAY... COULD YOU SUGGEST A PLACE WHERE I CAN GET MYSELF SOME SLEEP?

LET'S SEE SOME MORE!

ALL THE PLACES ARE OWNED BY THAT OLD MISER, SILAS URIAH, THE TOWN LANDLORD! YOU'LL HAVE TO GO TO HIM!

HA HA! HE'S A SECOND HOUDINI!

ZAMBINI ENTERTAINS WITH TRICKS AND MAGIC AT A DEFENSE PLANT AS THE ENTHUSIASTIC WORKERS GASP AND CHEER!



I WAS DIRECTED HERE AND TOLD THAT YOU COULD YOU HOUSE ME FOR THE NIGHT! HAVE YOU ANY ROOMS?

YEP! CLEAN, COMFY- PRICE \$5.00 A NIGHT. PRICES GO UP YOU KKW, DEFENSE AND ALL!

MOST OF THE ROOMS ARE TAKEN-BUT THERE'S ONE LEFT AT THE END OF THE HALL! HAVE A LOOK FOR YOURSELF!

THANKS! THIS GUY LOOKS TOO SATISFIED FOR MY MONEY-BUT I'LL STILL TAKE A LOOK AROUND.

GREAT GHOSTS! THIS IS WORSE THAN THE SLUMS- LET'S HOPE AT LEAST HE'S GOT BED 5 IN THIS FORSAKEN HOLE!



WHAT! ANOTHER TENANT! JUST HOW MANY DOES THAT URIAH, EXPECT TO STICK IN HERE?

BY THE LORD HARRY...! I WOULDN'T BELIEVE THIS IF I HADN'T SEEN IT MYSELF! I'M GOING BACK TO URIAH AND HAVE A TALK WITH HIM!

WHAT! SO YOU DON'T LIKE MY ROOMS/OKAY GO SOMEWHERE ELSE! GET OUT! GET OUT!

YOU KNOW THERE ISN'T ANY OTHER PLACE TO GO. THOSE DEFENSE WORKERS HAVE GOT TO TAKE WHAT YOU GIVE 'EM!



GET OUT! YOU... YOU TRAMP!

RRRRING!

TAKE MY HOUSES, MY CHARMIN' COMFY HOMES?! YOU CAN'T DO WELL, IF YOU DON'T PAY THESE MORTGAGES BY FOUR O'CLOCK... YOU LOSE YOUR HOUSES! GET ME?

OH! DEAR ME! WHY THAT DIRTY CROOK! NAMES WON'T HURT ME, URIAH, YOU MIGHT, BUT WHE THE CLOCK STRIKES FOUR YOU'D BETTER HAVE THE MONEY!



SILAS URIAH? THIS IS JONES THE BANK PRESIDENT I HAVE BAD NEWS FOR YOU! I AM NOT RENEWING YOUR MORTGAGES!

OH! DEAR ME! WHY THAT DIRTY CROOK!

OH! DEAR ME! WHY THAT DIRTY CROOK!

OH! DEAR ME! WHY THAT DIRTY CROOK!

HAVING OVERHEARD THE CONVERSATION, ZAMBINI DECIDES TO PAY JONES THE BANK PRESIDENT, AN INFORMAL VISIT!



WHO? WHAT? OH- YOU MUST BE ZAMBINI!

YES, ZAMBINI! URIAH'S A GRASPING MONEY-MAD WRETCH! THAT'S WHY I'VE DECIDED TO END HIS MORTGAGES... EITHER HE BUYS THESE HOUSES OUT RIGHT OR HE LOSES THEM!



MEANWHILE IN HIS COUNTING HOUSE, POOR SILAS URIAH IS OVERCOME WITH GRIEF



OH MY HOUSES! MY DUPLEX TENEMENTS! THAT VULTURE, JONES, KNOWS I HAVEN'T GOT ALL THAT CASH READY? SNIFF! SNIFF!

I'M JACKIN' VER RENT! PAY UP... HUH? PLEASE, MR YOU.. AGAIN, URIAH I CAN'T WHAT DO YOU SPARE THE MONEY NOW! WANT HERE? I'LL HAVE IT AT THE END OF THE MONTH!



AH! I AIN'T LICKED YET! I'LL JACK UP MY TENANTS' RENT, AND MAKE 'EM PAY CASH!



OH! TROUBLE TROUBLE! HERE COMES THE LANDLORD, AND HE'S WHISTLING THAT'S BAD!



HEH TA TA HEH!

THIS SILAS IS QUITE A CHARACTER!



LOOK! I WANT MONEY-NOT EXCUSES! EITHER PAY NOW OR GET OUT!



ALL RIGHT, YOU GREEDY PIG, I HAVE SOME MONEY I WAS SAVING FOR CLOTHING FOR THE CHILDREN! WHA WHY PENNIES! HOW DID THEY GET HERE?





OOH!

DON'T CRY, MADAM. THINGS WILL BE BETTER, SOON! I PROMISE YOU!

BLANKETY, BLANK ... WITH TIME SO SHORT, SHE PAYS ME MY RENT IN PENNIES!



OKAY MR. URIAH, KEEP COLLECTING YOUR RENT. BUT, I'M STICKING WITH YOU



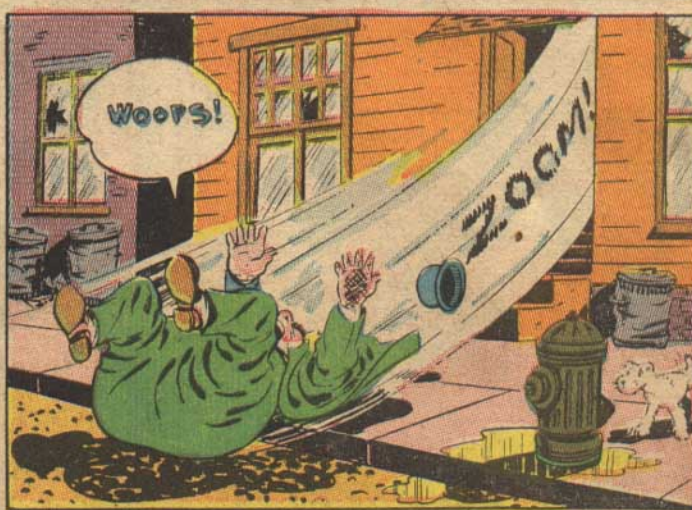
AS THE MONEY-CRAZED LANDLORD DASHES UP-STAIRS ZAMBINI FINGERS HIS MAGIC AMULET, AND THEN...

NOW I'LL COLLECT ON THE NEXT FLOOR... HEY! WHA... WHA!



OOOPS! THE STAIRS, THEY'RE MOVIN'! I'M SLIPPIN' BACK, FALLIN'!

HE'LL COME DOWN EVEN QUICKER THAN HE WENT UP!



WOOPS!



WHAT'RE YOU FROM... THE U.S.O.?

U.S.O.? DON'T GET SMART OR I'LL RAISE YOUR RENT!



NOW, LET THAT MAGICIAN TURN THOSE DOLLARS INTO PENNIES-OR ANY OTHER TRICK, I'M PREPARED FOR HIM, HEH, HEH?



HEY! IT'S ME, THE LANDLORD. THROW DOWN YOUR RENT MONEY ... EVERYBODY! HURRY!

HERE'S MINE!  
THAT FIEND!



IF WE DON'T PAY HE'LL EVICT US!

HE HAS A STONE FOR A HEART! THE DIRTY DOG!



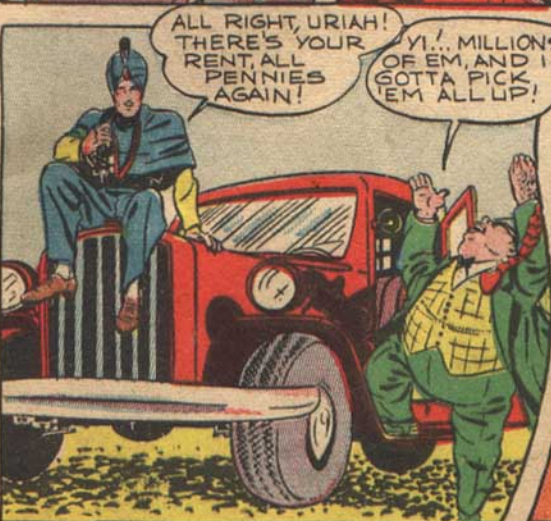
LOOK, URIAH! DO YOU REALIZE THAT BY VICTIMIZING THOSE DEFENSE WORKERS, YOU'RE HELPING THE AXIS?

BEAT IT, YOU QUACK MAGICIAN. I GOT A CHANCE TO MAKE SOME MONEY OUTTA THIS WAR. I'M NOT PASSING IT UP!



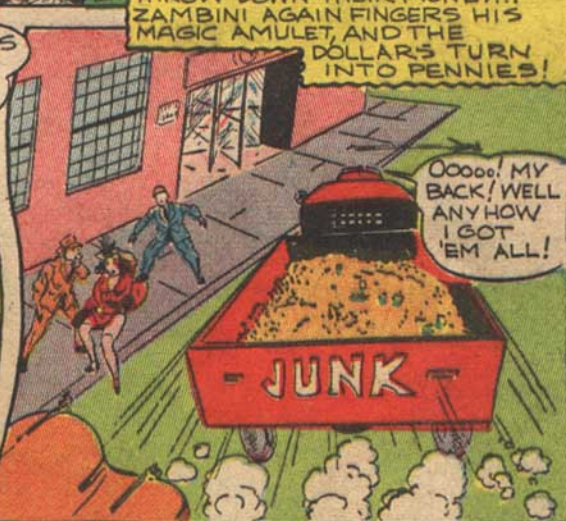
COME ON- DROP IT DOWN!

AS THE FEARFUL TENANTS THROW DOWN THEIR MONEY... ZAMBINI AGAIN FINGERS HIS MAGIC AMULET, AND THE DOLLARS TURN INTO PENNIES!



ALL RIGHT, URIAH! THERE'S YOUR RENT, ALL PENNIES AGAIN!

YI... MILLIONS OF 'EM, AND I GOTTA PICK 'EM ALL UP!



Ooooo! MY BACK! WELL ANYHOW I GOT 'EM ALL!



HEY JONES, YOU CROOK! I GOT THE MONEY AND IT AINT FOUR YET, HEH!

YOU HAVE?? UNBELIEVABLE!



THERE IT IS OUTSIDE IN THE TRUCK! PILES AND PILES!

HMM...MAYBE YOU HAVE. AND MAYBE NOT!



THEY'LL HAVE TO BE COUNTED AND YOU'RE GOING TO DO IT!

OH NO I WON'T! IF I TOOK THE TIME TO COUNT IT ALL IT'D BE WAY AFTER FOUR BY THE TIME I GOT THROUGH. I'M TOO GOOD A BUSINESS MAN TO FALL FOR THAT GAG!

MY LORD! HE'S INSANE!

CITY BANK

GET READY FOR A NEW CUSTOMER JONES, HEH, HEH! I'M DEPOSITING THIS MONEY IN YOUR BANK!

OKAY, WISE-GUYS! NOW I'M SCRIBBLING OUT A CHECK! I'M NOT LOSING MY HOUSES!

HE'S DONE IT! IT'S ONLY ONE MINUTE TO FOUR! HE'S KEPT HIS PROPERTY!

THOSE TWO JERKS! I WASN'T BORN YESTERDAY!

I COULDA SWORE THERE WAS INK IN MY PEN... X?@!X... I'LL USE ONE OF YOUR PENS, JONES I STILL GOT HALF A MINUTE!

BUT AS SILAS URIAH MADLY WRITES A CHECK, ZAMBINI TOUCHES HIS AMULET...

THE CHECK! IT'S BLANK!

WHAT!

IT'S FOUR O'CLOCK ON THE DOT! SILAS URIAH, ARE YOU READY?

MY LORD! THE CHECK SAYS! TO SILAS URIAH I AWARD THE ORDER OF THE SWASTIKA! SIGNED... ADOLF HITLER!

NO! NO! HE CAN'T DO THAT TO ME! MY HOUSE! MY BEAUTIFUL TENEMENTS!

FOUR O'CLOCK! YOU'VE LOST YOUR HOUSES SILAS!

ZAMBINI, YOU'RE WONDERFUL! NO ONE ELSE COULD'VE DONE THIS!

AWRRRRRRK!

YES, FRIENDS, SILAS URIAH WAS A WAR PROFITEER, WAXING FAT WITH GREED OUR COUNTRY IS AT WAR! WE CAN DO WITHOUT MEN OF HIS EVIL BREED! LET US ALL PITCH IN AND PULL TOGETHER FOR VICTORY. ONE FOR ALL AND ALL FOR ONE!!